The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

Quay can't talk, but he is h— on bossing and wire-working.

A tailless comet has been discovered. This is a bad sign for Quay's election.

A miracle in name and in deed: Samuel Miracle, an Ohio man, is the proud father of seventeen boys.

Caroline Islands must be a mighty good-looking girl, else Spain and Germany would not talk of going to war about her.

There are in the United States over 45,000,000 head of swine, which are valued at more than $226,000,000.

This is only counting the four-legged ones—the two-legged ones have no value.

The Register in the case of Peter Herdic, bankrupt, of Williamsport, makes an interesting final statement of assets for distribution after deducting costs, to wit: Claims unpaid, $1,021,586.75; amount in hand to pay them, 2,553.88. In other words, the Register has ¼ of a cent in hand to pay a dollar of debt. The case might have been worse.

Business throughout the country looks better now than it has for some time. There was considerable of a falling off in business failures last week and the liabilities of those who failed were small. The iron trade is wonderfully improved within the past few days, and altogether we seem to be on the eve of a prosperous business revival.

Yet the Bellefonte *Republican* grunts about Cleveland causing hard times and then turns around and buys a new power press because things are looking prosperous. We are glad to see our neighbor prosper more under Democratic than under Republican rule.

Seventeen years ago the death penalty for murder in the first degree was abolished in Minnesota, and life imprisonment was substituted, but the gallows has just been re-erected. Michigan tried the same experiment, and not long since a bill was passed by the lower house of the Legislature re-enacting the hanging policy, although it failed of adoption in the Senate. Maine did no hanging for six years, and then went back to capital punishment.

So hanging is best after all as a penalty for murder. Imprisonment for life does not appear to have the terror as does hanging. Some suggest a scientific method of extinguishing life, such as electricity or other equally quick and fatal method, in place of the gallows.

In view of the complaints that have been made as to the administration's tardiness in appointing new postmasters, it becomes a matter of interest to know that since the adjournment of the Senate there have been 487 changes in the 2,332 Presidential postoffices, and that over 6,000 fourth class postmasters have been appointed. The Postoffice Department is now engaged in making up lists of Presidential nominations of postmasters for the President's action upon his return, so that they may be ready for submission to the Senate at the beginning of the session. There are some 48,000 fourth class postoffices, and of these about one-eighth have been filled with Democrats. when the enormous amount of labor involved in effecting these changes, where due regard to the interests of the public service is had, is taken into consideration, it will be seen that the administration has been moving about as rapidly as could be expected.

Spain and Germany are talking of going to war about the Caroline Islands. A Madrid dispatch, of 5, says the most violent demonstration against Germany that has occurred since the seizure of the Caroline islands by that nation, took place to-day. A mob of several thousadd people, calling down execrations on everything German and singing patriotic songs, this morning marched in a body to the building in which the German embassey is located and commenced an onslaught on the place. Some of the participants, raised on the shoulders of their comrades, tore down the German coat of arms over the entrance to the building and dragged it through the streets to the office of the Minister of the Interior, in the Puerta del Sol, and and there burned it, the mob all the while shouting and yelling, "Down with the treacherous German dogs." The crowd next proceeded to the French embassay and cheered frantically. So violent did the demonstrations become that the military had to be called out. In the face of to-day's show of the popular feeling, the situation is viewed as extremely grave and the fear is generally expressed that if something is not done soon to relieve the strain, most serious complications between Germany and Spain will sult.

MR. WARNER ON THE SOUTH.

Nothing in the recent articles of our periodicals is more worthy of serious attention than Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Impressions of the South" in Harper's Magazine for September. Mr. Warner is associated with Senator Hawley in the editorship of the Hartford *Courant*—a paper that supported Mr. Blaine in the late election. He is therefore a strict Republican, and his views are not open to the suspicion that might attach to the words of a "mugwump" or Democrat, who should write about the South. The tone of Mr. Warner's article is thoroughly candid. Between the lines there is a suggestion of the writer's surprise that he chould be compelled to write so favorably of the South—he, a Republican, and bound by party traditions to maintain the exact contrary of what he says. But the claims of the truth are to him more than the shibboleths of party, and he speaks bravely out what he has observed.

Contrary to general impression, he finds that the South is not generally interested in politics, that is to say, in the details of party management. There was, of course, a great feeling of satisfation over the election of Mr. Cleveland, but the whole South is not office-hunting. In this respect the South and North are much alike. A small number of very active and very noisy politicians have undertaken to manage politics. "When," says Mr. Warner, "we read a dispatch which declares that there is immense dissatisfaction throughout Arkansas because offices are not dealt out more liberally to it, we may know that the case is exactly what it is in, say, Wisconsin—that a few political managers are grumbling, and that the great body of the people are indifferent, perhaps too indifferent, to the distribution of offices." The people as a whole are devoting themselves to their own affairs, and are trying to rebuild the fortunes ruined by the civil war. How great their losses were Mr. Warner says that he had never before realized. The North lost its sons and was filled with mourning, but business went on and the people were prosperous. In the South the ruin was utter. Not only fathers, sons and brothers were slain, but property was swept away, and life had to be begun over again under the adverse conditions of the social revolution caused by the freedom of the negro.

Mr. Warner bears emphatic testimony to the loyal feeling of the South. While they have no confessions of wrong-doing to make and express no regret for the past, Southern men and women have a pride in their country that is not always found in the North. There is far more attachment to the country as a whole than was ever known in the South before the war, when State loyalty was so pronounced as to prevent the formation of much national sentiment. This State feeling is much weakened, and love for the whole country is expressed "vividly and with a good deal of fresh enthusiasm." Mr. Warner has only words of reprobation for the politicians who represent the South as desiring to make any sectional "raids" on the Treasury, or to get "into the saddle" of the Government with any "rebel" impulse. The men who were prominent officers in the Confederate service are prominent in Southern politics, it is true, and it could hardly be otherwise; but it is because the South sent her best men, all of them, into her armies. To retire the "Confederate brigadiers" from politics would be to retire the most able men of the South, and to commit her interests to representatives who lacked either the ability or the bravery to get above the ranks in the Confederate service.

As to the negro problem, it is Mr. Warner's impression that the South is quite as much puzzled by it as the North. He takes one thing for granted, however, that the Southerns will not permit such Legislatures as those assembled once in Louisiana and South Carolina to rule them again. The average Northern politician will exclaim that this means to disfranchise the negro by fraud or force. Mr. Warner says, in effect, that the Southerner's retort is very pertinent: "Well, what would you do in Ohio or in Connecticut? Would you be ruled by a lot of ignorant field hands allied with a gang of plunderers." Until the people of the North have answered this question in the affirmative they are not in a position to reproach the South. There is no case on record of a superior race consenting to be ruled by an inferior, and until there has been a radical change in human nature such a record will not be made. The duty of the South is to elevate the negro until he is fit to be the political equal of the white man, and there need be no question then of either race ruling the other, but both may take an equal share in the work of government, without jealousy or friction. But that time is a long way off in the future, and meanwhile the South has before her an immensely difficult problem. It should not be forgetten that the North in giving the ballot to the negro is largely responsible for the existence of the problem; for that reason, if for no other, the South is entitled to our sympathy and forbearance while she is solving it.

The above is from the *Examiner*, the leading Baptist paper, whose editors are Republicans.

MR. VANDERBILT'S INTENTIONS.

The Boston *Transcript* says: We have it from responsible parties interested in the negotiations that no binding documents for the purchase of the West Shore or the sale of the Beech Creek or South Pennsylvania road have been drawn. Mr. Vanderbilt has made an offer for the West Shore, but he does not take the West Shore bonds. He will buy the road and this only after foreclosure and when a perfect title has been obtained.

At the Williams' Grove pic-nic the principal speech was made by John Norris, of the Philadelphia *Record*. In the course of his speech he said that the farm lands of Pennsylvania decreased $68,000,000 in value during the ten years from 1870 to 1880, the value per acre fell 15 per cent., and the value of agricultural productions declined $54,000,000 per annum. In 1870 the product of the farm yielded 18 per cent. per annum of the farm value. In 1880 the yield had fallen off to less than 13½ per cent. In 1870 the product per capita was valued at $707. In 1880 it had dropped to $431 per capita. Mr. Norris showed the decline in the values between 1870 to 1880 along the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In Lancaster it was $55 per acre; Chester, $28; Blair, $21; Mifflin, $13; Cumberland, $10; Westmoreland, $10; Armstrong, 9; Perry, $9; Indiana, $8; Huntingdon, $7; and Juniata, $4. The production in 1870 of the farms in Pennsylvania was greater than in any state east of the Rockey Mountains, but by 1880 it had fallen off more than any other state in the same territory, declining 40 per cent. These figures were given to show how the labor of our farmers had been effected by adverse discrimination of the railroad companies. Mr. Norris wound up with a statement of the benefits that would have resulted if the Legislature had passed the Anti-Discrimination bill at the last session.

It is announced that Ben. Butler will prosecute the President for his order obliging the cattle lords to move their stock from the grazing lands belonging to the Indians.

The *Herald* published recently a telegram announcing that Gen. Benjamin F. Butler had paid a visit to Block Island about which there was more or less mystery. Among the guests at Hildreth's West End Hotel is Colonel George B. Corkhill, formerly District Attorney of the District of Columbia. Colonel Corkhill is a son-in-law of Judge Miller, probably the highest authority on constitutional law now on the bench of the United States Supreme Court; and, as Gen. Butler's call was on Judge Miller, who passed the summer at Block Island, and as Col. Corkhill was present at the Block Island interview, he was asked to explain the object of Butler's call on Justice Miller.

Col. Corkhill said: "The real cause of the visit was the order of President Cleveland directing the owners of cattle in the Indian lands in the West to vacate their grazing grounds. Gen. Butler is himself one of the proprietors of a large ranche, and his clients and personal friends represent many millions of dollars of capital thus invested. The order is, therefore, of very great consequence and importance to them, and he was preparing to sue the President of the United States and the object of his visit was to ask a preliminary order restraining the execution of the proclamation of the President until the question involved could be determined by the courts."

TWENTY-SEVEN MULES ROASTED.

Ashland, Pa., Sept. 5.—The stable at Buck Mountain Colliery near here was destroyed by fire at 12 o'clock last night. Twenty-seven mules in the stable at the time were roasted to death. Several cars of hay, about 30 sets of harness and other property were consumed, entailing a loss of about $10,000, part of which is covered by insurance. The fire drew a large crowd of spectators, but they were unable to do anything, as the whole building was a mass of flames in a few minutes. The groans of the mules and the cracking of the flames could be heard a quarter of a mile away. The fire was of incendiary origin.

THEY ONCE INSURED HIM FOR $150,000.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 2.—Abraham Perry, a colored man of this city, was found dead this morning. Several years ago, when the grave-yard insurance was at its height, policies to the amount of $150,000 were taken out on Perry's life. He was then supposed to be tottering on the verge of the grave and was always kept intoxicated by his policy-holders in order to shorten his existence. He was eighty-four years old.

Harron velvet ribbons, satin and gro grain, in the fancy shades, all the rage now for neck wear—Garmans. 2s3t

THE PRESIDENT HOME AGAIN.

Slightly Sunburned, Brown as a Berry and Ready for Work.

Washington, Sept. 7.—The President and his private secratary arrived here a few minutes after 8 o'clock this morning over the Baltimore and Patomac road. The President looks as brown as a berry. He was attired in a silk hat and a black Prince Albert coat, and looked like a country merchant come to town in his Sunday suit.

President Cleveland has decided that office-seekers will be restricted in their visits to one day per week, and a second call by any office-seeker will not be permitted. The public will also be restricted to one day per week.

Several hours were spent this morning in going over the 2,000 letters which have accumulated in the White House mail during the summer vacation. The President scanned the newspapers of the the past three weeks hastily, as he had not kept up with the current news of the day while on his fishing trip. The President denied himself to all visitors during the forenoon except Secretary Bayard and Secretary Manning. There will be a Cabinet session to-morrow.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MEN IN LINE.

New York, Sept. 7.—The annual parade of the labor organizations of this city took place to-day, fixed as a workingmen's holiday throughout the United States. It is estimated that fully 26,000 men were in the ranks. These represented every trade that could be named. In the ranks were brass bands and drum corps, and men bearing flags, banners, and transparencies with mottoes of different kinds. There were also wagons, coaches and stages filled with girls from the silk factories. The procession attracted a great deal of attention. The best appearing body of men were the bakers, but the Typographical Union turned out the largest number of men, chapels of the prominent newspaper being indicated by handsome banners. The procession marched down Broadway to Battery, and was reviewed at Union Square by prominent labor reformers. After disbanding the paraders went to a park, where the rest of the day was spent in games and festivities.

CHINAMEN FLEE FOR LIFE.

Four Hundred Chinamen Ordered to Leave and Flee for Their Lives.

Rawlins, Wy. T., Sept. 3.—The largest coal mines in the entire Union Pacific system are at Rock Springs, 120 miles west of here. The road has recently been importing large numbers of Chinese to fill the places of white men. Yesterday afternoon the entire force of white miners, numbering about 150, organized and armed with guns, marched to that portion of the town occupied by the Celestials, and after firing a volley into the air reloaded and ordered the "pigtails" to leave. The order was obeyed at once, the Chinamen fleeing to the hills like a drove of sheep, closely pursued by the miners. Several volleys were fired at the fugatives with fatal effect. The Chinese quarters were then set on fire.

The Sheriff arrived from Green River by special train last evening with a posse of deputies, but they were too late to prevent the mob from carrying out its plans. The miners quietly dispersed after making sure of the departure of the Celestials, and all is now quiet. The railroad officials appealed to Gov. Warren for protection, and Assistent General Sup't Dickinson and Sup't Wurtele are en route for the scene of the trouble by a special train. Both of these men are popular with the miners, and will probably be able to quell any disturbance likely to arise now. The Chinese have now been run out in Rawlins, Carbon, Laramie and other points in Wyoming.

At Rock Springs all Chinamen, over 500 in number, have been driven out of the town. Thus far 15 dead Chinamen have been discovered, and there are probably as many more dead bodies in the ruins. Fifty houses belonging to the railroad company and fifty more owned by Chinamen were burned. The Chinamen are yet in the hills west of town. They are without food and are afraid to go to Grand River City, about ten miles distant. No more disturbance is anticipated. Food will be sent to the starving Chinamen in the hill by the authorities.

SPAIN'S POSITION.

The Time's La Granja dispatch, of Sept. 5, says: Germany sent a note to Spain, dated August 9, notifying that government of the intention of Germany to annex the Carolines. In this note Germany made a special reservation in favor of the claim of a third party, provided Spain was able to show by acts of protection or possession that the right of sovereignty was vested in herself. In that event Germany would be willing to withdraw all claims to the island.

The Standard's Berlin correspondent says: Spain has finally and decidedly declined to submit the Carolines affair to arbitration. Spain argues that the question of Spanish jurisdiction over the islands has been a fact too well known to admit of discussion. German government officials still scout the idea of a war over the dispute.

A WAR CLOUD.

Paris, Sept. 5.—The events in Madrid are causing a sensation in this city. Arbitration for the settlement of the Carolines question is now considered impossible, and the position of King Alfonso and his Ministry is regarded as precarious. Leading Spanish residents in this city say that war between Germany and Spain or a revolution is now certain. "La France" and "Le Paris" say that King Alfonso will be dethroned unless he heads the war party.

An old intimate friend of mine is Pavelker's Hair Balsam. I have used it five years, and could not do without it. It has stopped my hair from falling, restored its natural black color and wholly cleansed it from dandruff.—Miss Pecal Anteson St. Louis, Mo. sep

CATTLE MEN WISELY MOVE OUT.

The Government Determined to Take Down Illegal Fences and Prevent Steals.

Washington, Aug. 31.—The period of forty days fixed by the President in his proclamation ordering the removal of the cattle ranches from the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Agency in the Indian Territory expires to-morrow. The Secretary of the Interior has received advices from the Territory indicating the purpose of the ranchers to comply with the terms of the proclamation to the best of their ability, and thousands of head of cattle are now en route to other States and Territories. It is not believed that the services of the military forces will be required to complete the evacuation of Territories.

An impression is said to prevail among the cattlemen that the order of the President of August 14, calling for the removal of all the fences on the public lands will not be enforced. It is stated at the Department, however, this order will be enforced to the letter and with the full force of the military if necessary.

Special Agents of the Land Office are under instructions to report to the Department all cases of illegal fencing and instructions looking to the removal of the fences are promptly furnished for his guidance in each case. Where the agent is able to effect a removal he is directed to do so and when necessary the United States Marshals are to be called upon through the Attorney-General. This action was taken to-day upon the report of an agent showing that a large tract of public land was illegally fenced in South Colorado adjoining the Kansas line. A letter was sent to the Attorney-General requesting him to cause the United States Marshal to remove the fences.

THE NEW SCHOOL LAW.

The following is the new school law relating to the purchase of text books:

SEC. 1—Be it enacted, etc., That school directors and controllers may purchase text books for use in the public schools of their respective school districts out of the school funds of the district and when so procured the necessary books shall be supplied free of cost to each pupil for use in the schools of said district, subject to the order of the directors thereof, whose duty it shall be to provide for the safe keeping and care of the books, which shall be returned at the close of the annual school term in each year or as the board may direct.

SEC. 2—That the board shall keep an account of all moneys expended under the above section and report it under separate item in the annual financial accounts as authorized by law.

Sec. 3—All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed. Approved the 25th day of June, A. D., 1885.

A FALSE REPORT.

Some of our esteemed contemporaries are pitching into the Legislature for passing a law providing that the tax collectors, instead of being appointed by the County Commissioners, shall hereafter be elected by the people and shall be paid 5 per cent. of the amount collected. It is all a mistake. Such a bill was before the Legislature and came up on final passage in the House on June 9. It was, however, defeated, the vote standing, ayes 59, nays 92. It is thus a mistake to imagine that the collectors will be elected hereafter; the old law remains in force. See Legislative Record, page 2,496. —Altoona Tribune.

One hundred and forty Prussians have just been expelled from Warsaw. They were arrested and chained together and compelled to march, the women following the men and sleeping in the prisons.

REPORT OF GRAND JURY.

The Grand Jury made the following report to the court, August term:

We, the grand inquest of the county of Centre, after a careful and thorough examination of the public buildings, do report as following, viz: The repairs lately made to the Court House were highly necessary and add greatly to the comfort and appearance of the court rooms and offices.

The thanks of the taxpayers are due to the Board of Commissioners for the economy and good judgement exercised in making the repairs. In order to complete the excellent work begun, we would recommend the part of the court room not already carpeted be covered with "linoleum" so as to more effectually deaden the noise. We do not see the necessity of any other repairs either to the court house, the jail or the sheriff's residence. ROBT. MEEK, Foreman.

Jas. R. Irwin, druggist, Curwinsville, Pa., writes:

"J. A. McDonald—Dear Sir: Send us ½ gross of your Worm Powders—they give good satisfaction to our trade. Professionally I always recommend them, as I consider they embody to the utmost the principal and most desirable points in a vermifuge—smallness of dose, easiness to take, compactness and elegance, while our steadily increasing sales attest their value as a worm destroyer and the satisfaction they give our trade."

Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative is the most highly concentrated, most harmoniously and skillfully combined of all the blood medicines offered the public. Many certificates from well known persons could be furnished to substantiate the virtues claimed for this great medicine, but the manufacturer prefers simply to say any purchaser feeling the benefit derived from the use of a bottle not equivalent to the 75 cents invested in the purchase can have their money returned.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co, Philadelphia Agents.

PROGRESS OF THE PLAGUE.

Madrid, August 30.—Returns from the cholera infected districts in Spain for Saturday show 3,617 new cases and 1,171 deaths from the disease.

A dispatch has been received in London stating that cholera has appeared at Nagaski, Japan, and that the presence of the scourge has created great excitement, especially among foreigners.

At Marseilles, on Aug. 30, there were 23 deaths from cholera. At the Pharo Hospital five patients were admitted, and there were four deaths.

Toulon, Aug. 30.—During the past 24 hours there were 20 deaths from cholera in this city. The weather is cooler.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

Washington, Pa., Aug. 31.—During a thunderstorm yesterday Wm. Miller, whose farm lies near Lindley's, was sitting on the porch in company with his wife, when a blinding flash of lightning struck the house and killed them both instantly. Miller was a well-to-do farmer and a respectable citizen.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetis, weak-neck, or urinary complaints quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at fifty cents a bottle, by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

Ayer's Ague Cure acts directly on the liver and biliary aparatus, and drives out the malarial poison which induces liver complaints and bilious disorders. Warranted to cure or money refunded.

CORN CROP RUINED BY FROST.

St. Paul, Sept. 5.—Specials received from different points show that considerable damage was done by the frosts yesterday night in the vicinity of Moorhead and Willmar. The corn crop is said to be entirely ruined, oats are badly damaged and gardens wholly destroyed.

Who has not heard or been the recipient of benefits derived from using N. H. Downs' Elixir, a never failing remedy for all diseases of throat, chest and lungs. None are too poor to get cured of all bilious diseases by the use of Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, as they only cost 35 cents a bottle. As a liniment for horses, Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment cures sprains, bruises and lameness at once. Sold at Murray's, Centre Hall. sep

STATE FAIR.

We are informed that an arrangement has been made for special excursion rates from Bellefonte to Philadelphia, via Tyrone, on October 2, next. Rates for round trip, with an admission ticket to the exhibition attached, for $7.63—good for three days.

FIRE AT SELINSGROVE.

Selinsgrove, Sept. 7.—At 12 o'clock last Saturday night our quiet borough was aroused by a sudden shock of an explosion, caused by the ignition of coal oil and powder. The fire spread so rapidly that it was at once seen that it was H. E. McKelvey's grocery, between Penns Creek and Penn's Canal. The grocery, with the grain house attached, were totally destroyed. The loss and insurance is as follows: John Hummel, building, loss $1,200, insured for $1,000; McKelvey, grocery stock, loss $5,000, insurance $4,500; George Schock, wheat, loss $1,000, insurance $700; total loss, $7,700; total insurance, $6,200.

Fall styles of hats and caps just received at the Bee Hive.

——After Sept. 1 our stock of zephyrs, yarns, embroidery and knitting silks, and everything pertaining to the line of fancy work, will be complete and kept up as it formerly was at our old stand before the fire. GOLDSMITH BROS.

——Go to Murrays and have Christ draw a glass of cool soda.

——Merchant tailoring in all its branches done at the Philad. Branch. A tailor of long experience superintends all work, and utmost satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

Cash will be paid for red wheat, rye oats and corn, at the roller mill, Centre Hall. tf

All the shades in Saxony yarns and zephyrs—Garmans.

Some papers have a decidedly mean way of getting hold of the REPORTER'S locals.

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

SERVICE IN MEXICO.

Servants are plentiful in Mexico, and you are pretty sure to have several descendants of the Aztec kings about the house if you hire one, for it is the rule that the whole family accompany the father or mother who goes out to service. Your cook brings her husband, her children, and pretty nearly all her relatives, and they are fed from your table and sleep under your roof. The husband may be a shoemaker, or a saloon-keeper, or a hackman, but he lives where his wife works. There are usually rooms enough in the house for them all, and the only food they want is plenty of beans and what is left from your table.

People who like to much to talk their mind, should sometimes try to mind their talk.

THE DREAM OF THE AIMLESS.

I dreamt a dream in the morning,
When the shadows were dim and gray,
And oh, such a prospect golden
O'er my shining pathway lay!
The earth was filled with gladness
The air was filled with song,
And I thought that but love and beauty
Could inspire me all day long.

I dreamt a dream at the noontide,
When half of the day was past;
The first half I knew was barren,
But glorious I'd make the last;
But the world lay part in the shadow,
The songs were not half so sweet,
And love and beauty were fleeting
Like shadows beneath my feet.

I dreamt a dream at the even,
When the day its course had run,
And my heart grew sad within me
To think how little I'd done.
But I said: "I shall work to-morrow,
And make my name be known,
Till the nations of earth shall wonder,
As my mighty power they own!"

But alas! and alas! time passes,
The sun rises, shines and sets—
Each morning so full of promise,
Each evening so full of regrets!
And day follows day more fleetly,
While ambition and glory rave,
Till, at last, outworn and aimless,
I shall sink in a nameless grave.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

Has any of us, I wonder, a distinctly dual nature—the one dispassionate and just, the other reasoning and impetuous? Or in some remote and unguessed niche of our soul does there sit enthronged a small and potent demon, which sometimes breaks restraint and lets loose among our better sense the hounds of anarchy to deafen conscience with their yells and hunt our dearest loves to the bitter end.

I can moralize and marvel now, since all is over and done! I can marvel if I were possessed by some unguessed and puissant spirit not my own, in one melancholy episode of my life; or if some uncanny and unworthier quality of my being had quickened to volition within me. For certainly what I had been before and what I have been since, I was not in that deplorable time which I shudder to recall.

I was not ill, nor harassed, nor despondent; I was strong of body, my mind was content, my heart at rest, when I was suddenly impelled to the maddening belief that I was wronged as man had never been wronged before, and when every impulse of soul and sense seemed goading me on for vengeance and human blood.

That particular evening I was sitting alone in the yet unlighted library of my somewhat isolated suburban residence.

Outside was a deliciously fresh and balmy dusk—a serene and beguiling hiatus between the setting of an unclouded sun and the rising of a stormy moon! The winds were still; the great maples were motionless; there were no sounds save those of occasional hoofs and wheels along the uneven and ungraded highway, or those of the uneasy river complaining with the burden of the prolonged spring rains. Nothing was visible but the formless shadows where all was shade—nothing more but the dim gleam of the scented lilac bloom, and of one narrow beam of light which issued from a window of the music-room at the far end of the long veranda.

As I sat there gazing dreamily out into the balmy dusk and listening drowsily to the grumbling of the restive river—somebody began softly intoning some fanciful operatic air, and then presently an exquisite voice aroused the hushed gloaming with strain after strain of happy melody.

With a sense of infinite peace, of serenest delight, I leaned back in my luxurious chair and closed my contented eyes. My Lyrie was singing—my wife, the beautiful songstress I had lured from an anticipated career of conquest and splendor, and caged in the calmer and prosier stronghold of my wedded affections.

I had never wondered if Lyrie might some time regret her marriage with a man neither particularly young nor especially attractive; I had never questioned if she might some time regret the love for which she had renounced a more dazzling life; I loved her, and she was mine. And yet in the undiminished charm of our loving, I had never cared to speculate of what might have been or what might be—of what might have been in a time of which I had no knowledge; of what might be if for her the charm were dissolved in the alchemy of latent ambitions or undivined illusions.

I distrusted nothing, I apprehended nothing; my mind was content and my heart at rest, as in the dreamy dusk I leaned luxuriously back in my library-chair and serenely listened to the exquisite voices singing:

"A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A mental song like a trumpet call!
Singing of death and honor, which cannot die."

But as I listened the song ceased—ceased abruptly with a sharp dissonance and with a little jangle, as if her fingers had come down with a startled crash upon the resplendent keys of the piano.

Then all was silent. And in the midst of the silence, with a flash and a shock, the unguessed demon unlashed the turbulent jealousies and maddening doubts; or the unreasoning quality of my being quickened to a volition which belied my sober senses. At the instant I was assailed by neither a crazy suspicion nor a morbid premonition, but by a vivid and impellent conviction that some concealed and gruesome thing was about to be disclosed to me.

"Something startled her from her singing, and she is not one to be startled by what threatens no evil," whispered the voice which was so unlike my own. "Some person has skulked through the veranda casements, and so, unseen and unheard, has gained her presence. She has been too suddenly confronted by some phantom from her past, by the ghost of some ill-starred thing which she had deemed forever buried from her sight. And perhaps even now she is bewailing what might have been and planning for what might be."

Such was the summary of those sudden and inexplicable convictions. I had no sense of hesitancy or scruple; and I was possessed by the deliberate and sanguinary cunning of a crafty maniac.

I neither sighed nor muttered execrations. But I smiled grimly as I arose from my chair and with a stealthy tread walked from the library and down the yet unlighted corridor toward the music-room.

The door was ajar, and I felt not the minutest surprise as I peered into the apartment and beheld the confirmatory scene which was being enacted there.

There indeed was an intruder—a tall man cloaked like a brigand of romance a handsome man, whose broad and rakish hat flared back from a countenance impressively pallid and haggard! His arms were about my Lyrie, her golden head dropped against his breast, and she was weeping bitterly.

"I could not believe that you would remain from me so long if you were among the living," she was sobbing just audibly. "Can nothing be done? Can we not plan something that I may be near you—that you may come to me sometimes?"

"You were happier to believe me no longer among the living. You will be happier, too, if we shall meet again no more," the man answered with some fierce passion kindling in his haggard black eyes.

He lifted her drooping face, he kissed the beautiful brows, he unloosed her pleading hands—and then he turned swiftly away.

As he vanished through the open casement of the veranda, she glanced up and perceived me advancing toward her.

With the glance her great blue eyes dilated and darkened with unmistakable terror. Perhaps my accusing gaze affrighted her and she feared, she knew not what; for with a scared little cry she shrank back and hid her paling face in both her trembling hands.

But I did not need her! Any emotion of hers—whether of fear or remorse or shame—was nothing to me then. I was intent only in the pursuit of a cloaked figure vanishing outside—a flying shadow where all was shade. I had been impelled to the belief that I was wronged as man was never wronged before; but I had no upbraiding just then for her—my vengeance was meant for him for whom she had cared before I met and loved her, perchance, and for whom she still cared!

The stormy moon was just visible among the thickening clouds; the wind was beginning to sough among the great maples; the grumbling of the river sounded nearer and more near, so I hastened onward, hearing now and then the uncertain thud of reckless footsteps, or seeing a rakish hat looming like a black silhouette against a gleam of white moonshine.

On and on I hastened in stealthy pursuit, through the extensive grounds, across a wooded inclosure of knolls and hollows, and so emerged upon an abandoned road—a deeply excavated curve which somewhere intersected the highway.

The cloaked figure with the rakish hat had become altogether invisible, but of his propinquity I was certain. For a saddled horse nibbling the lush swampy grasses in a hollow down the roadway, and there were vaguely suggestive rustlings among the vines and elders between me and the river, which just there widened to a sullen and almost barkless current.

"The clump of elders is his last covert," I thought, grimly, as I descended into the curving roadway and stalked toward the marshy crescent of ground which flanked the river.

And he was there, indeed; but not erect and defiant. He lay prone upon the earth, moveless, as if he had composed himself for slumber, and totally unaware that a Cain had tracked him to his retreat.

What denunciations I uttered I do not know; I only know that I clutched his brigandish cloak, that I dragged him to an upright posture, and that some murderous thing glittered in my determined grip.

"A man with broken bones and emptied veins is not likely to defend himself," I was at length conscious he had said in strangely strengthless tones.

And as I glared upon him I perceived that his garments were drenched with blood, and that one stout foot dangled uselessly beneath his cloak.

"I stumbled over the brink of the excavated roadway, and some splintered rail has forestalled your bullet," he explained with a sort of satiric humor as I involuntary lowered the murderous thing which menaced him.

At this junction there was an appalling crash like the booming of thunder, and then a rumbling and roaring like an onset of artillery.

Instinctively I turned my gaze toward the neighboring hills. I knew what had happened; burdened with the prolonged spring rains, the restive river had rent asunder some fettering dam above, and the mighty floods were already deluging the land.

In another half hour the roadway would be an impassable torrent, the marshy crescent would be a plunging sea, and my helpless arch-enemy must perish if nothing intervened to spare him.

I would leave him to his doom, assuredly! I should be an idiot to do otherwise!

And then with a shock and a flash, the demon, the lunacy, the unworthier quality, or whatever it might have been, was extinguished within me. Perhaps I had been an idiot already, I began to reflect! If my girlish bride had loved him in a time of which I had no knowledge, even if she still loved him, even if she had meditated wrong to me, I should indeed be idiotic to do ought which would be a joy to my foes and grief to them who esteemed me, and an eternal ignominy to myself! I would instead be his deliverer; I would take him back to her; and then I would leave them to themselves; I would have done with them forever, and I would go my way alone!

My reflections, if comprehensive, were of short duration. Already a vast avalanche of seething water was tumbling down the valley, already the rebellious river was rioting over knolls and hollows, and down yonder in the streaming roadbed a riderless horse was whinnying for his well-nigh insensible cavalier.

"Come," I began in my own natural voice, "life is as dear to you as to me, and I shall not leave you to perish here. Arouse your courage a bit; if you can keep the saddle for a half mile, you will be safe."

I had fancied a few moments before that my vehemence and menaces only mystified him; but he understood distinctly enough now.

My task was sufficently perilous and accomplished none too soon. We had scarcely gained the elevated ground above the roadway when the watery avalanche thundered down and submerged even the precipitous brink over which he had so unluckily stumbled.

He was safe; but of my safety I had been too incautious. For even as I momently lingered on the brink my footing failed me, the flood smote me, and I knew no more.

When consciousness was restored to me, I was lying in my own chamber, and my darling was kneeling beside my bed, her beautiful beloved face all wan and anguished with a trouble which I knew was for me alone.

"Life was worthless to my poor brother, and you would have given your own that he might live," I heard her murmur.

I needed no more to understand the truth. The night was gone like some weirdly distorted dream; and in the glory and gladness of the dawning, I put an arm about her and drew her to my heart.

"You never told me about your brother—tell me now," I said.

The explanation was sufficiently lucid. No doubt her brother had been more sinned against than sinning; but all the same he had been condemned for a grievous offence, and he was a fugitive from pursuing justice. For years she had believed him dead, and now I did not marvel she was so startled by the past.

And now when all is over and done, my mind content, my heart at rest, I can calmly marvel and moralize upon the chaotic misery of that eventful night! I can wonderingly question if I were possessed by some frenzied spirit not my own, or if some unreasoning and inconsistent quality of my being had been quickened to uncanny volition within me!

A Fortified Gambling House.

On the east side of Dupont street, San Francisco, a building is being altered for the purpose of establishing a restaurant in it, and in connection therewith there is being fitted up a room which will be used by Chinese gamblers. The room is twenty-five feet wide by eighteen deep. The studding has been covered inside and out with grooved and tongued pitch pine. The outside of each partition is covered with sheet iron one-eighth of an inch thick, and fastened by means of round headed carriage bolts, set about five inches apart.

The entrance from the street is through a narrow door set in the western partition, and hid from view by a large staircase that leads to the upper floor. The casing of this doorway is covered with steel strips a quarter of an inch thick and several inches wide, which are as well secured to the partition by iron bolts as possible. On the floor in place of the ordinary threshold, there is a thick iron plate. From the interior the door is fastened by means of a swivel bar, which fits into the sockets, and in addition thereto there is a heavy iron-bound piece of timber six feet long, which, if occasion requires may be thrown against the door as a brace, from a floor hold. The door itself is of three-inch pine, covered with a quarter inch steel plate strongly riveted.

In the rear partition there is a door that opens into a large kitchen connected with the restaurant. The kitchen is a room, the walls of which are brick. Two windows light the room, but each of these has heavy iron gratings set in them. This place is so strongly fortified that, under the most favorable circumstances, officers having wedges, axes, pinchbars, and iron mauls could not effect an entrance under an hour's very hard work. The purpose of the door to the kitchen is that in case a raid is made, the players may carry the evidence which, if found, would lead to conviction into the cook shop, and destroy it by throwing it into the furnace.

Smiles for the Kaiser Only.

A letter from Gastein tells a mildly romantic story of one Fraulein Keon, the daughter of a manufacturer who is an habitual visitor at that resort. The incidents named constitute a rather pretty episode in the life of the aged German Emperor. Emperor William first saw Fraulein Keon at Gastein three years ago, the young lady being every day at a window directly opposite the room occupied by the Emperor. One day the Emperor, who had grown accustomed to seeing her there and had become rather fond of the repeated incident, missed her face from her usual place at the window, and made inquiries about her. The lady was thereupon introduced to the Emperor, and a pleasant acquaintance followed. Always after that the old monarch spoke to her every time he met her in his promenades. Each season since that, when leaving Gastein, he obtains from her a promise to be his vis a-vis again in the following season. Fraulein Keon is a modest and retiring young lady, and when several members of the German aristocracy, eager to imitate their Imperial master in his attention to her, asked to be introduced, she replied: "I am very willing to do what I can to please the venerable monarch if he is pleased to see me at my window or in the promenades, but I cannot allow myself to be made a show by others."

Birth Trees.

The old Romans always planted a tree upon the birth of a son, and judged of his future prosperity by its growth. It is related that Virgil had a poplar planted for him, which far outstripped the trees of any of his comtemporaries. In ancient Germany they used to plant apple-trees for boys and pear trees for girls, while, in the islands of Polynesia they planted a cocoanut at a child's birth, and judged of its prospect of long life by the growth of the tree.

Iowa's Great Walled Lake.

As we emerged from behind the row of trees a large, irregular body of water appeared, which the guide told us was the far-famed Wall Lake. And we must confess to a sense of disappointment at first sight. A very large pond, which washed over mud banks on the opposite side, and over which the odor of harvests and dead fish came faintly, did not strike us with the wonder we had expected. The guide seemed to expect this look of disgust for he pointed out the exceedingly high banks on the nearest side to us, and said nothing else. Indeed, the banks were very high, and from our side we could see nothing of the lake except the fringe of water nearest the other shore.

We approached the lake very impatiently, for we knew that the mystery, if there was any, was hidden behind the high bank; but the guide who had seen the lake for years—and, I began to think for centuries, if his growth was as slow as his motions—purposely delayed, and it was not till we had time to get our expectations aroused to a high pitch that he led us down a curving road to the beach, and the great wall stood before us in all its greatness.

From the beach to the summit of the bank, twenty-five feet or more, and extending for over a mile in length, huge bowlders, of herculean proportions, were piled upon and around each other. Here and there some of the smaller rocks were missing, taken away by man for building purposes, but enough remained to show what its former magnificence must have been. While we stood looking up at the summit of the wall I could not help thinking how small even the largest of man's works were compared to this work of nature.

How those huge bowlders were piled up in such regular order, and even how they should come into a place naturally so devoid of rocks, is the wonder of scientists. Of course, the glacial theory, evolved especially for ignorant scientists in difficult places, is the one most commonly advanced. But how those rocks should cross a wide lake, and proceed to place themselves in regular order, is not explained, unless, indeed, some huge glacier, becoming weary of continued travel, had suddenly plowed a deep hole in the ground, fixed itself fast, and melting under the rays of a tropical sun, had formed Wall Lake. And the rocks carried along with it, not relishing a wetting, had piled themselves upon each other in their anxiety to get out of the lake, and thus formed the wonderful wall. But scientists do agree in one thing, and that is in discrediting the old Indian legend, which is as follows:

The beautiful daughter of a proud Indian chief had run away with one who loved her, contrary to the wishes of her parent. For days and nights the lovers fled, hotly pursued by the warriors of her tribe. At night their only shelter was a mantle which he had brought with him. Their food was only such berries and herbs as she could find. Far into western Iowa, they fled, into a thinly-settled land, deeming themselves safe at last. But, awakening one morning and looking to the east, they saw their pursuers coming, urging their tired horses forward that they might overtake the fugitives while asleep. The fresher horses of the lovers soon outsped the jaded steeds of the others, and at night they camped on the muddy shore of a large lake, in what is now Sac county. But the lovers felt that help must come soon, or they would be taken. But the water spirits which inhabited the lake took pity on the fugitives, and all that night in the darkness, while the lovers slept, they rolled great rocks from the bottom of the lake, the walls of their own lake castles, and piled them upon the beach, making the present wall. When the sleepers awoke next morning, great was their astonishment to see a rocky fortress, where had been but a muddy beach the day before. They took advantage of the miraculous defense, and when their enemies appeared, all day they kept them at bay from behind the magic wall. Then through the darkness a canoe, guided by unseen hands, drifted over the silent lake, and touched the beach where the lovers were, and the kind spirits had saved them.

The "oldest inhabitant" also has a theory which he believes as the Indian does his legend. Said he: "O, this glacial business don't amount to nothing; those rocks just come there naterally." And that is all he says about it. On another subject, however, he becomes more loquacious—a fight with the men who once came to steal rock from the wall. They used to come in the night, break up the large rocks and haul them away for use in building. Those who dwelt around the lake, and foresaw among the probabilities a great summer resort and still greater prices, determined to stop the brigandage, and so one night with a wall for a fortress, they awaited conclusions. There was none of the romance of the Indian fight about this. But they were stern, dirt begrimed, terribly in-earnest men that stood with their ready rifles in hand, awaiting the attack. The robbers stole almost up to the edge of the lake before they discovered the enemy. There was a brief but sharp fight, and the wall has not been touched by robber hands since then.

This wonderful lake is situated in Sac county, Ia., and being on a branch road, not many people go there. It is chiefly interesting to scientists, as pleasure-seekers find no timber for camping grounds, while game has been almost entirely driven away. And the great wall frowns as it looks at the silent lake and the low coast opposite, deserted save for a farmhouse here and there.

The best way to apologize is to do such a kindness to the offended one that he will forget that you ever attempted to injure him.

What sunshine is to flowers smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable.

Much charity which begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors, and much that begins out-doors never gets into the home circle.

THE FASHIONS.

—Black or cream lace mantels are worn with any toilet.

—Canvas draperies are much employed for silk dresses.

—Etamine and cotton fabrics stamped with gold are novelties.

—Red satteen petticoats are worn at the seaside and mountains.

—Twine color and green continue to be a favorite combination.

—Gauze ribbons are used for trimming dresses as well as bonnets.

—Rococo jewelry, like that worn by the Italian peasants, is very popular.

—Fine wool stockinette jerseys are dotted with tiny points of chenille.

—Embroideries for yachting costumes have anchors, oars and miniature flags.

—Jackets made of silk or woolen lace are again revived, after a ten years rest.

—White vests are made of Turkish towelling and buttoned with small pearl buttons.

—Turkish and Indian embroideries are very much used for trimming canvas dresses.

—Lizards, spiders, butterflies, mice and ravens are some of the odd fancies in jewelry.

—Cream and white lace are worn over foundations of chartreuse, amber, orange, pink and blue.

—Roman sashes are those of wide, watered ribbon and are worn with jerseys and round waists.

—New and pretty house aprons to wear at high teas and the like over rich toilets made short are "Roman" in effect on the skirt part, and are embroidered with an edge in rich Oriental colors in Roman designs. The novel feature of the apron consists of there being added a sleeveless zouave jacket, but cut away still more than even these diminutive jackets usually are. The back of the jacket reaches several inches below the waist, and joins the apron on the side seam.

—Dusters are of gray alapaca, mohair gray or beige veiling, or waterproof. Traveling garments are cut like the long cloaks worn during the winter. Many of these are taken well into the figure in the back, where they form two hollow plaits and have dolman sleeves. It is best to have them very simple, so that they can be rolled in a small bundle. The tissue called "sac a raism," summer "bure," and woolen canvas in open work, when employed for traveling cloaks, are lined with silk and trimmed with passementerie or with bows and revers of moire.

—A dress worn by a miss about twelve years of age was of fine ecru etamine combined with embroidered insertion in open-work. Threads of silk in several colors were mixed with the goods, and small rosebuds were embroidered on the insertion. They were of silk in the natural colors of the flower. The skirt fell loose over an underdress of moss silk. The Louis XIII jackets opened over a vest of moss faille, with ends as long as the basque of the jacket. Around the jacket was a flat lace of coarse ecru cording worked over with moss silk. The side and back pieces were shorter than the front, and terminated in a double fluted plait. The back of the skirt had a large moss ribbon bow.

—Hats for garden and seaside use are of coarse straw. The same shapes serve for ladies and children. They have high crowns, either trimmed with ribbon loops, or the loops are combined with bright-colored flowers. These hats, when for young girls or children, may also be trimmed with full puffings of poppy-red gauze. Blue straw hats have large rosettes of red gauze on the sides. In the back are red catogan bows, which falls over the hair. Garden hats are also of "indienne," foulard or andrinople, in colors to correspond with the suits. Dressy bonnets and hats are much trimmed with the petals of roses arranged in bunches and wreaths. A capote, for instance, may have a cording of these petals all around the brim and a large bunch with fine moss rosebuds in the centre to form an aigrette.

—Undergarments are as varied in making as ever. They are trimmed with a profusion of rich lace, either the real article or an imitation. Chemises, corsets and drawers have small faille or satin bows. Even petticoats have ribbon shirrings in all colors. Some rich trousseaus have all the under-garments trimmed with the most costly embroidery very sparingly used. The chemises have often no ruffles on the border nor ribbons under the insertions. Fine laces are used in the same way. Many skirts have no lace trimmings, or have only a very narrow bordering of Valenciennes lace placed flat under the embroidery. With the full gathered skirts now in use, either a large bustle must be worn or an under-skirt with springs. The skirt is of satin or of woolen goods. A small petticoat over it is of faille, satin or surah, trimmed with lace or with a plain flounce. This petticoat may be in any color, but it is most serviceable when of black mervelleux trimmed with black lace. Corsets are now placed over the drawers and skirts.

—Parisian brunettes are now wearing toilets in such colors as light pink or blue, and even cream or white. Light beige is particularly becoming, with the addition of some red ribbon bows, or a red sash. This color retains full favor, but it is a bad blue for blondes when not trimmed with some bright or very dark shade. The present style of waists and skirts in contrasting tones is both serviceable and economical. Pretty waists for this purpose are of embroidered fabrics with straight or turned down collars. These should have no fancy fichus. Plastrons, puffings and fichus are reserved for plainer suits, which should be relieved by some such addition. Colored plastrons covered with black tuille or lace are used with black costumes, but are not destined for street wear. They serve for ceremonious visiting purposes, matinees and entertainments of all kinds. The best effects are obtained by plastrons or orange faille covered with tulle puffings, or of blue under black and garnet over beige.

HORSE NOTES.

—Phallas and Harry Wilkes are very likely to have another race.

—Beauregard has had an unbroken career of triumphs since the Grand Circuit began.

—Next to Ban Fox, Quito ranks as among the best of the 2 year-olds started at Saratoga.

—Ciemmie G. and Phyllis are to trot at Omaha for a $3000 purse with $5000 extra, to beat 2.19.

—It is likely that Mr. Pierre Lorillard will sell off quite a number of brood-mares the coming autumn.

—Gossip, Jr., is said to have paced a quarter in 30 seconds. A match race between the New Jersey pacer and Johnston is talked of.

—The thoroughbred stallion Hugo, owned by Paul Hacke of Pittsburg, died on Paul Hagus' farm, near Greensburg, Pa., on August 1.

—The Chester Driving Park, Cincinnati, O., offers premiums of $6800 for its fall trotting meeting, September 29, 30, October 1 and 2.

—Pat Sheeedy and Matley Corbett, Jim William's pair of racers that did so well early in the season, have gone all to pieces, and will probably be turned out for the year.

—Freeland has run three mile-and-a-quarter races this year, on three different tracks, in exactly 2.09, carrying the same weight in each, 117 pounds.

—Rataplan is unlikely to see the post again during the present season, owing to a quarter-crack, which is so bad that only absolute rest will remedy it.

—Charles Reed, Fairview Stud, Gallatin, Tenn., has purchased from Appleby & Johnson the chestnut horse Forester, foaled 1879, by imp. Ill-used, dam. Woodbine, by Censor or Kentucky. Forester will be used for stock purposes.

—A match trot between David Bonner's Dainty in harness, driven by John Murphy, and J. Barry's Captain Hunt, under saddle, driven by Joe Burk, for $200, took place at Fleetwood Park on the 17th. The former won in three straight heats. Time—2.26¾, 2.29, 2.32½.

Three stallions have been recently imported from England by A. W. Mc Alester, of Columbus, Mo. The breeding of the horses are as follows: Claudius, bay, foaled in 1876, by Cecrops, dam Light, by The Prime Minister; Helicon, brown, foaled 1880, by Hymeneus, dam Cantata; Hirsch, brown, foaled 1874, by Savernake, dam Ulena.

—James L. Eoff, who once handled George M. Patchen and Princess, the dam of Happy Medium, is dead. He went to California in 1849, and since has been classed as a resident of that State. Of late he was troubled with rheumatism; still he was quite active for a man sorely afflicted. He was the owner of the half mile track on the old Cliff House road, San Francisco, but had leased it prior to his death.

—The Dwyer Brothers' great mare, Miss Woodford, by imp. Billet, dam. by imp. Knight of St. George, was foaled in 1880. She was started in thirty-nine races, winning thirty of them, running second five times, third twice and was unplaced twice. Her gross earnings to date amount to $99,495.50. Freeland Ed Corrigan's crack, that is now proving himself equal if not superior to Miss Woodford, was foaled in 1879 by Longfellow out of Belle Knight. Freeland has started in fifty-three races, won twenty-seven (including a walk-over), been second six times, third five times and unplaced four en times. His gross earnings amount to 36,235.

—Fourteen thoroughbreds have this year won upward of $10,000 each, and more than $220,000 in the aggregate. Of these Joe Cotton and St. Augustine are by King Alfonso, Pontiac by Pero Gomez, Ban Fox by imp. King Ban, Bankrupt by Spendthrift, Wanda by imp. Mortimer, Portland by Virgil, Modesty by War Dance. Volante by Grinstead, Tyrant by imp. Great Tom, Favor by Pat Malloy, Freeland by Longfellow and Miss Woodford by imp. Billet. Pontiac and Wanda are owned by Pierre Lorillard, Miss Woodford and Portland by Dwyer Brothers and Freeland and Modesty by Ed Corrigan, other owners being credited with only one each.

—The season is now more than half over, and King Alfonso heads the list of winning sires his get having won about $65,000 his principal winners being Joe Cotton, St. Augustine, Lizzie Dwyer, Ida, Hope and Florence Fonso. He has thirty-six representatives on the turf, eighteen of which have been returned winners of forty races, having started 226 times. Imported Mortimer ranks next. Twenty-six of his get have started this year, twelve of which have won nineteen races and about $50,000 having started one hundred and twenty times. Of the other sires Grinstead, Virgil, Ten Broeck, imp. King Ban, imp. Great Tom, imp Billet, imp. Glenelg and Longfellow promise to make good records.

For several years there has been a disposition upon the part of the leading spirits of the turf to build a race-course within easy reach of New York city, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, but land is high, and it has been found a matter of the utmost difficulty to secure a sufficient area which was properly located. Two years ago some property back of the Palisades was examined by Mr. P. Lorillard, but as soon as the owner found out the purposes of the buyers, he put a prohibitory price upon it. Nevertheless, the movement will yet be consumated, as the plans are maturing rapidly. The idea is to build a track of a mile and and a half circuit, with straight "chutes" for 2-year-old racing. The amount already guaranteed by subscribers is $370,000. The idea is to raise $125,000 or more and then issue bonds for the remainder of the million dollars capital needed. The club is to be composed almost exclusively of owners, among them being Mr. P. Lorillard, Mr. D. D. Withers, Mr. August Belmont, Mr. G. L. Lorillard, Mr. James Galway, Mr. W. L. Scott, Mr. A. J. Cassatt and Comodore Kittson.

A Daily Defalcation.

The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of Tammany Hall, a man of strict integrity, an indefatigable worker, early at his office, late to leave, so burdened with business that regular meals were seldom known by him, with mind in constant tension and energies steadily trained, finally broke down!

The wonder is that he did not sooner give way. An honest man in all things else, he acted unfairly with his physical resources. He was ever drawing upon this bank without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank suspends and both are now in the hands of medical receivers.

It is not work that kills men. It is irregularity of habits and mental worry. No man in good health frets at his work. Bye and bye when the bank of vigor suspends, these men will wonder how it all happened, and they will keep wondering until their dying day unless, perchance, some candid physician or interested friend will point out to them how by irregularity, by excessive mental effort, by constant worry and fret, by plunging in deeper than they had a right to go, they have produced that loss of nervous energy which almost invariably expresses itself in a deranged condition of the kidneys and liver, for it is a well-known fact that the poison which the kidneys and liver should remove from the blood, if left therein, soon knocks the life out of the strongest and most vigorous man or woman. Daily building up of these vital organs by so wonderful and highly reputed a specific as Warner's safe cure is the only guarantee that our business men can have that their strength will be equal to the labors daily put upon them.

Mr. Kelly has nervous dyspepsia, we learn, indicating, as we have said, a break-down of nerve force. His case should be a warning to others who, pursuing a like course, will certainly reach a like result.—*Sunday Herald.*

HOUSEHOLD.

A WHOLESOME and excellent pudding is made of oatmeal. Mix the oatmeal with a little cold water; then stir it in boiling milk, in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls of oatmeal to one quart of milk; flavor, and let it cool in bowls or moulds, which you have first wet with cold water. Make a sauce to eat with this of cream and sugar, or jelly sauce made thus: To half a pint of boiling water allow an ounce of sugar and two heaping tablespoonfuls of jelly; a teaspoonful of flour, corn starch, or sago should be dissolved in a little cold water and stirred in. Let this come to a boil, and it is ready for the table.

BROWN FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN.—Clean, wash and cut the chicken into comparatively small pieces. Chop a quarter of a pound of fat salt pork and half a small onion. Put the chicken with these into a pot with a pint of cold water, and stew slowly until the meat is tender. Take out the chicken, put into a colander and keep hot over a pot of boiling water, throwing a cloth over the colander. Strain the gravy back into the pot, season with parsley, pepper and salt. Thicken with a tablespoonful of browned flour, boil up once, return the chicken to the gravy, simmer ten minutes and serve.

THANKSGIVING PUDDING.—Stir three-quarters of a cup of butter and the yolks of four eggs together. Add one cup of molasses and two cups of warm milk with two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water and added to the milk. Season with a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves, a little nutmeg and salt. Add flour to make it as stiff as pound cake, and lastly two pounds of raisins stoned and chopped fine, one quarter of a pound of citron, and the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Tie in a floured bag, leaving room for the pudding to swell, and steam six hours. Serve with wine sauce.

BAKED BEANS.—Lovers of the sturdy old New England dish, baked beans, may be glad to know of a new wrinkle in preparing it, suggested by Mr. Philbrick in the *New England Farmer*. I believe," he says, "it people generally knew what a delicious dish celery makes with common baked beans, there would be a larger sale for it. Chop up the celery fine and mix it with the baked, season with vinegar and mustard beans to taste; you will call for a second plate of it every time.

MUFFINS AND EGGS.—A little less than a quart of sweet milk or water thickened with a little more than a quart of Graham flour poured into a hot muffin pan, baked in a hot oven, makes what we consider good gems. Am partial to food that may be well prepared without soda, as I fear it will cause the teeth to decap. Do you all know that eggs are nice baked in a buttered tin or spider.

NICE bread-cake is made of two cups of light bread dough, one and a half cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a grated nutmeg a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a cup of raisins chopped and with flour dusted over them. Stir all in but the raisins, and put them in the last thing. It should rise for half an hour and then be baked in a moderate oven.

TRY this for tea some night: Pick up one teacupful of codfish, let it soak in lukewarm water while you mix two cups of cold mashed potatoes with one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a good-sized lump of butter, and pepper and salt if it is necessary, then add codfish, mix all well, and bake in a buttered pudding dish for from twenty-five minutes to half an hour; serve hot.

FEDERAL CAKE.—One pint of sugar, one and a half cupfuls of butter; three pints of flour; four eggs; two wineglasses of milk; two of wine; two of brandy; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; half a teaspoonful of saleratus; fruit and spice to taste. Bake in deep pans, the time depending on the quality of fruit used.

MARBLE mantels are judiciously covered up with beautiful valances or lambrequins of satin, velvet and plush. Window lambrequins now match that on the mantel of a bed-room. Lambrequins are not used for parlors, except where they are of an unusually rich description.

FOR a dining-room the prettiest and not too expensive curtains one can have are those made either of dark maroon or green felt or Canton flannel. A band of old gold about a foot from the bottom and top of the curtains, sewed on with herring-bone stitch, make them effective as well as comfortable.

EXCELLENT Cocoanut Jumbles are made of two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, one large cup of grated cocoanut. Use flour enough to make a dough that can be rolled. Cut in fancy shapes, and bake in a quick oven.

A GOOD way to use the yelks of eggs when you have them left after making cake with the whites, is to keep them in a cool place; in the morning beat them well, and dip slices of bread in them and fry brown. Stale bread may be used for this.

A DELICATE baby was given a six o'clock supper prepared thus: The whites of two eggs were beaten well, a little sugar added, this was put into a pint bottle and lukewarm water added until the bottle was half full. This was a perfect succes, the baby thriving upon it.

PRETTY splashers to put behind the wash stands in common rooms may be made of parts of old curtains; wash and starch them, line them with bright colored cambric and tack them up. If you have old torchon or any suitabble lace trim the edges with that.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of very strong coffee, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup of molasses, 1 lb raisins, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon of cream tartar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon of cloves, 5 cups of flour.

A correspondent writes to the *Scientific American* describing a sled accident by which a ten year old girl had two upper front teeth knocked out. She was taken to a dentist, who replaced the teeth and strapped up the jaw. For two days she could scarcely speak and no solid food was allowed, but the operation was successful, and the teeth are as firmly set as ever. The teeth are a little chipped, but later on when it is safe to work on them they can be patched with gold, and be about as good as ever they were.

A recent writer on heating of green houses and conservatories says that the secret of successful heating is to raise the temperature of the water in a short space of time so as to cause it to flow through the radiating pipes with such velocity that it may return to the boiler before losing all its heat. This is achieved by bringing the water under the influence of the fire in small continuous bodies, and if this is carried out the radiating pipes can be reduced in size with advantage and economy. The time for putting all such things in working order is during the warm season.

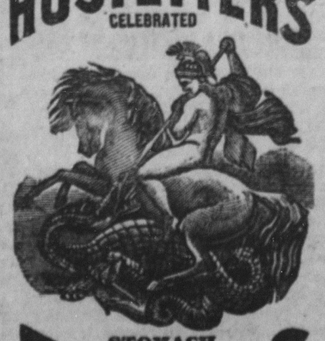
Boring Holes in Glass.—Any hard steel tool will cut glass with great facility when kept freely wet with camphor dissolved in turpentine. A drill bow may be used, or even the hand alone. A hole bored may be readily enlarged by a round file. The ragged edge of glass vessels may also be thus easily smoothed by a flat file. Flat window glass can readily be sawed by a watch spring saw by aid of this solution. In short, the most brittle glass can be wrought almost as easily as brass by the use of cutting tools kept constantly moist with camphorized oil of turpentine.

Anti-Friction Alloy for Journal Boxes.—1. Zinc, 17 parts; copper, 4 parts; antimony, 1½ parts. This possesses unsurpassable anti-friction qualities, and does not require the protection of outer casings of a harder metal. 2, The best alloy for journal boxes is composed of copper, 24 lbs; tin, 24 lbs; and antimony, 8 lbs. Melt the copper first, then add the tin, and lastly the antimony. It should first be run into ingots then melted and cast into the form required for the boxes.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address P. NEUSTADTER & CO., 83 Mercer St., New York.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Self-Defence.

To a criminal neglect of preventive medication may be ascribed a majority of the ailments which affect humanity. It is a well-ascertained fact, that a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will put even a naturally feeble system in such a state of defence that it will be competent to resist the most prevalent causes of disease, such as the malign influence of miasma, unwholesome water, excessive heat, damp, cold, sudden changes of temperature, &c.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Gen. Grant's MEMOIRS ready for Agents. For extra special terms and inside track, address APPOMATTOX, Box 179, Philadelphia, Pa.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

To Break Glass in any Required Way.—Dip a piece of worsted thread in spirits of turpentine, wrap it around the glass in the direction required to be broken, and then set fire to the thread, or apply a red hot wire around the glass, and if it does not immediately crack, throw cold water on it while the wire remains hot. By this means glass that is broken may often be fashioned and rendered useful for a variety of purposes.

To Prevent Din of Shops.—A rubber cushion under the legs of work benches in manufactories, is a cheap relief from the deafening din of noisy shops. *Chambers' Journal* describes a factory where the hammering of fifty coppersmiths was scarcely audible in the room below, their benches having under each leg a rubber cushion. We have seen the same effect produced by standing the legs of the bench in nail kegs filled with sand, by which means all vibration and shock was prevented.

The distinguished U. S. Senator from Indiana, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, certifies that in a case of rheumatism in the back, he obtained instantaneous relief from St. Jacob's Oil. He says it is a remarkable remedy.

People addicted to secrecy are so without knowing why; they are so not for cause, but for secrecy's sake.

Solid Chunks of Wisdom.

THE only answer to all criticism, the true test of all work, is the result and when Carboline restores the hair we know that it is the best restorer.

Some one interrogated little George in regard to his sister's betrothed. "How old is he?" "I don't know." "Well, is he young?" "Yes—he has no hair yet."

A Man is Doomed,

in popular opinion, when he has Bright's Disease, but since HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has become so well known the cases are rare that it will not immediately relieve and permanently cure.

His Son's Advice.

NEWPORT, ME., May 17, 1883.

"I had weakness of the kidneys and bladder for 12 years. My son, a Lewiston druggist, advised the use of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY. Am now enjoying good health thanks to HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, which I take pains to recommend."—E. B. Clark, Furniture Dealer, formerly with Maine Central R. R.

If You Question

the wonderful testimonials published by the HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY Co., of Providence, R. I., write to the addresses given enclosing postal or stamp for reply. Send for their illustrated pamphlet of testimonials, giving wonderful cures.

We may make angels of our own tender and kind and loving thoughts and feelings by letting them fly to others.

IT IS AMAZING that any human being should continue to suffer from biliousness, nervous headache, indigestion, or general weakness, when it is as notorious as that the sun is the source of light that VINEGAR BITTERS inevitably cures these complaints. This medicine is sold everywhere, taken everywhere, and cures everywhere. Reader, it will cure you.

Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can grow on the human mind. Men learn to do ill by doing what is next to it—nothing.

THE purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enameled watches, which had painted covers that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was,

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the very best. A trial will prove we are right. Received first premium at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.

Seeing much, and suffering much and studying much, are the three pillars of learning.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Little do we care for the speech of people if conscience will not whisper approval.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

What renders the vanity of others unbearable to us is the wound it inflicts on ours.

FACETIÆ.

A COLORED man came out of an alley off Michigan avenue recently and inquired of the grocer on the corner:

"Say, boss, has you had a watermellyon stole away to-day?"

"Why, I declare, if some one hasn't stolen a big one which laid on the end of this shelf!" exclaimed the grocer.

"Did you see a white man an' a cull'd feller hangin' 'round yere?"

"Come to think of it, I did."

"Dem ar' de chaps who stole dat mellyon."

"Did you see them?" asked the grocer.

"Nobber did, sah."

"Then how do you know?"

The colored man took him down the alley and showed him two heaps of melon rinds and exclaimed:

"If de mellyn wasn't dun stole nobody would come in heah to eat it. Dat pile of rinds hain't half-gnawed. Dat's jist de way white folks eat 'em. De odder pile am gnawed right down to the bark. Dat's de work of a cull'd man, an' doan' you forgit it. Down dar' am a rind all alone. De chaps got scar't an' run'd away afore dey was dun."

"Say, maybe you are sharp enough to catch 'em," said the grocer.

"Wall, I dunno," was the reply, but in the course of a half an hour the man brought in a hang-dog looking African turned him over with the remark:

"Heah's one of 'em, but de odder has skupped."

"How do you know that this fellow is guilty?"

"Kase I gun looked for a darkey wid a mellyon seed on his shirt bosom, an' heah he am. He's dun guilty, and has got thirty-five cents to settle wid ye."

The grocer says he'll have that man on the detective force or break a leg.

MADAME (in search of country board): "You have plenty of fresh eggs?"

Farmer: "Millions of 'em, lady; millions of 'em."

Madame: "And fresh butter?"

Farmer: "Tons of it, lady; tons of it."

Madame: "And pure milk?"

Farmer: "Oceans of it, lady; oceans of it."

Madame: And mosquitoes?"

Farmer: "Billions of 'em, lady; billions of—er—what did you say?"

Madame: "Mosquitoes."

Farmer: "There ain't a skeeter on the farm."

"You see," he was explaining, in answer to the inquiry of what the prospects in Wisconsin were, "our folks are about discouraged."

What's the trouble?"

"Cholera,"

"Why the cholera hasn't reached us yet."

"I know, but everybody's talking. We can't raise cucumbers on account of the scare, and we dasn't go into onions on account of the bad weather. We shall shell out a few 'taters, a little corn and more or less wheat, but I tell you, stanger, if my wife didn't earn $1 a day at dressmaking, I'd be ready to give up the battle."

"A CRUST and a song," said John Harris, the Cornish poet, "are better than a sirloin and a groan." John was right, and the sirloin we get at our boarding-house can make the strongest man in America groan if he eats any of it. As for the crust, he gets that from the landlady if he complains about the coffee, and for the song—well, if he wants two kinds of pie for desert, he can sing for the other kind. So you see, we have it all; and yet we are often hungry and sometimes unhappy.

THE old gentleman who got tripped up while trying to cross the hall-room remarked, as he slowly crawled to a perpendicular, that it was always pleasant to be thrown in the company of young people.

"YES," said a Vermont young man, "I'm reckless to-day and so's Bill, and we're just going to paint the day red!" and then he and Bill went and drank three glasses apiece of cider, bought two five cent cigars and put in the afternoon playing checkers at the grocery.

AN American in the Far West having just "struck ile," bought from a pedlar a copy of "As You Like It." He was so pleased with Touchstone that he wrote to the pedlar, "If that Shakespeare ever writes anything more, be sure to get one of the first copies—and darn the expense!"

A TRAVELER who had just read on the guide-post—"Dublin, two miles,' thought to make game of a passing Irishman by asking—"If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Faith," returned Pat, "and if your heels be as slow as yer wit, ye'll get there about Christmas."

Never Open Your Mouth

except to put something to eat into it, is an excellent motto for the gossip and the sufferer from catarrh. But while the gossip is practically incurable, there is no excuse for anyone's suffering longer from catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is an unfailing cure for that offensive disease. It heals the diseased membrane, and removes the dull and depressed sensations which always attend catarrh. A short trial of this valuable preparation will make the sufferer feel like a new being.

He is not likely to be true to man who is false to God.

Don't take that "cocktail in the morning." If you have a "swelled head," nauseated stomach, and unstrung nerves resulting from the "convivial party last night." The sure and *safe* way, to clear the cobwebs from the brain, recover zest for food, and tone up the nervous system, is to use Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Sold by all druggists.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

The only reliable cure for catarrh is DR. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

God's words, however slighted, are not wind, but fire.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

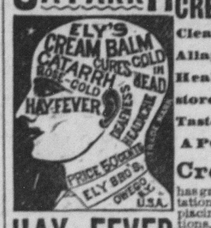
CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

CATARRH



ELY'S
CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head.
Allays Inflammation.
Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell, Hearing.
A POSITIVE CURE.

Cream Balm has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. A particle is applied into each nostril, no pain; agreeable to use.

HAY-FEVER

Price 50c. by mail or at druggist. Send for circular.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Made from California roots and herbs, free from **Alcoholic** Stimulants. **A Purgative** and Tonic.

This Bitters cures **Female** Complaints, Inflammatory and Chronic **Rheumatism**, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Blood, **Liver** and **Kidney** Diseases.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Pneumonia, and Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, are cured by the use of the Bitters.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

It Invigorates the Stomach, and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

No Person can take the Bitters and remain long unwell.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, are destroyed and removed from the system.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 526, 528 & 532 Washington St. Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

Cancer of the Tongue.

A Case Resembling That of General Grant.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand, and with the old-time treatment it healed up. In March, 1882, it broke out in my throat, and concentrated in cancer, eating through my cheek to the top of my left cheek bone and up to the left eye. I subsisted on liquids, and my tongue was so far gone I could not talk. On October first, 1884, I commenced taking Swift's Specific. In a month the eating places stopped and healing commenced, and the fearful aperture in my cheek has been closed and firmly knitted together. A new under lip is progressing, and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me, and can also eat solid food again. I would refer to Hon. John H. Taylor, State Senator, of this district, and to Dr. T. S. Bradfield, of LaGrange, Ga. MRS. MARY L. COMER.

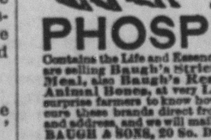
La Grange, Ga., May 14, 1885.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

BAUGH'S

TRADE MARK



$25 PHOSPHATE

Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands direct from us. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide. BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Philada., Pa.

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BEST TRUSS EVER USED.

Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to the

New York Elastic Truss Company,
744 B'dway, New York.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

DIKE'S BEARD ELIXIR Forces luxuriant Mustaches, Whiskers, or hair on bald heads to grow. Never fails. Perfectly safe. Sent to any address in the world. Use 3 Days then pay if satisfied. Will prove it or forfeit $500. Sealed with full particulars, 10c. stamps or silver. A. L. SMITH & CO., Sole Agt's, Palatine, Ill.

TELEGRAPHY TAUGHT AND SITUATIONS FURNISHED. Circulars free. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

PENNYROYAL

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH"

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always reliable. Beware of Worthless Imitations. "Chichester's English" are the best made. Indispensable TO LADIES. Inclose 4c. (stamps) for particulars, self mention, etc., in letter sent you by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co. 2807 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa. **PILLS!**

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price $1.00, by mail. E. KIDDER & SON, Charlestown, Mass.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use IN THE WORLD.

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve **PAIN** with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

It will, in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

TRAVELERS should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Malaria in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Price **50** cents. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Builds up the broken-down constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor. Sold by druggists; $1 a bottle.

Dr. Radway's Pills.

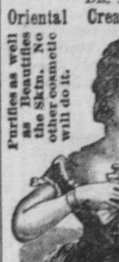
For **DYSPEPSIA** and for the cure of all the disorders of the stomach, Liver, Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Piles, Headache, etc. Price 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE.

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mf'd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Cans sent by Mail, 25c.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.



Purifies as well as Beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished

DR. L. A. SAYRE, said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Gouraud's Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y. For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. city, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Arnold, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealer. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

We Want 5,000 More Book Agents to Sell
The Personal History of

U. S. GRANT.

40,000 Copies Already Sold. Secure Territory at Once.

The book embraces the General's entire military, civil service, and private career, and is the most complete and reliable history of him extant. A large, handsome octavo volume, superbly illustrated. We want one agent in every Grand Army Post and in every township. Send for full particulars and SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS, or send 50 cents at once by mail, postpaid, for outfit. [Mention this paper.] Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn., Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis.

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's **Rose Leaf** fine cut; that Lorillard's **Navy Clippings**, and that Lorillard's **Snuffs**, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING

NO TAR. ESTABLISHED 1866.

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Samples of DR. E. W. READ'S Celebrated Asthma Relief sent free to all who apply. It is also an excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds and Catarrh. 50c. and $1.00 packages sent by mail.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., SEPT. 9, 1885.

PENNSYLVANIA'S PURCHASE.

Preparing to Answer the Attorney-General.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1.—President Roberts and counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company were in conference yesterday upon the subject of preparing an answer to the bill presented by Attorney General Cassidy in the Dauphin Co. court asking for an injunction to restrain the sale of the South Pennsylvania and Beech Creek railroads to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The answer to the bill of the Attorney General will be ready by the 8th of September, and will be taken on that day into the Dauphin county court.

It was stated yesterday by a railroad counselor that the tenor of the answer would be that the Penn'a railroad company did not contemplate in its negotiations for the South Pennsylvania railroad the purchase of a competing line. The contention will be that the South Penn'a is not a line of railroad in operation. The line of argument by the counsel of the Pennsylvania railroad company, it is said, will be strictly in defense of the proposed absorption. The counsel intend to show that the Beech Creek road is not a competing line; that it penetrates a coal region entirely separate and distinct from the Pennsylvania railroad company's territory; that the two roads do not compete for the same business, and that the Pennsylvania railroad company has no intention of violating the Constitution in the absorption of either the South Pennsylvania or the Beech Creek railroad companies' properties.

Pending the legal steps taken in the matter there is nothing being done by the Pennsylvania railroad company and the Vanderbilt interests to consummate the bargain. The portion of the transaction between the Pennsylvania roilroad company by which the former were to obtain control of the West Shore railroad, it was reported yesterday, had been accomplished with less difficulty than had been anticipated. A railroad official recently in consultation with President Depew, of the New York Central, said that Mr. Depew is satisfied that the Pennsylvania railroad company will be able to acquire the South Pennsylvania and the Beech Creek property.

In a letter to Dr. Hostetter Franklin B. Gowen says: If Mr. Vanderbilt sells his interest to the Pennsylvania railroad company, he cannot sell ours, and if the other subscribers hold together we can very readily protect ourselves against the Pennsylvania railroad company, owning one-third of the concern. Of course I could do nothing to prevent Mr. Vanderbilt selling, but the moment I hear that my fellow committeemen propose to take any action as to stop the work or pay money to the contractors for stopping, I thought it necessary to make my protest. The South Pennsylvania syndicate is not a corporation where a majority of the members control the minority. The committee of five are trustees of the money of all the subscribers which is paid into their hands for the purpose of building the road. If the trustees use the money to pay contractors a bonus for stopping the work it is a misappropriation of the trust funds, for which the penalty it very severe.

DO YOU MEAN BUSINESS?

Well, if you have strength to push your business, it is well. But many a man's business has broken down because the man was broken down, and had no push in him. If you want to make a success, build up your system by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. W. M. Winfree, of Petersburg, Va., says: "There is no medicine equal to Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility." It cures dyspepsio, enriches the blood and strengthens the muscles.

CRUSHED TO DEATH.

Scranton, Sept. 2.—While a party of ten miners were being lowered into the Oakwood shaft of the Lehigh Valley Co. this morning a rock fell from the side of shaft when the cage was near the bottom, and struck the men. Four of them were killed. Two were fatally wounded, and three other members of the party were seriously injured.

AN ENTERPRISING AND RELIABLE HOUSE.

J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, can always be relied upon, not only to carry in stock the best of everything, but to secure the agency for such articles as have well-known merit, and are popular with the people, thereby sustaining the reputation of being always enterprising and ever reliable. Having secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and every affection of the throat, lungs and chest, and to show our confidence we invite you to call and get a sample bottle free.

HOGS DYING BY THE HUNDRED.

[Williamsport Banner.]

Hog cholera seems to prevail to an alarming extent in some parts of this county, and especially so in White Deer valley. But a short time ago Mr. Henry Decker, of that neighborhood, lost sixty of sixty-five head, and the remaining five were sick with the disease and may also be dead by this time. The porkers break out into sore spots all over their bodies and the flies succeed in pesting the animals. Mr. Decker had nine young ducks which began to catch the flies from the sick pigs, and every duck died, supposed to have been poisoned by the flies, as they were doubtless inoculated with the disease and equal to so many poison bugs. If this be the case it would be well for people to keep their poultry away from the pig pen when cholera prevails there.

By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeon's knife because of malignant sores and scrofulous swellings, might be saved, sound and whole. This will purge out the corruptions which polute the blood, and by which such complaints are originated and fed.

MALARIA IN ANY OF ITS FORMS,

chills and fever, congestive chills can be prevented or cured by the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, a purely vegetable medicine, superior to calomel and quinine.

Sunbeams.

Sound a sleep—A snore.

A great hardship—An iron steamer.

Breeches of contract—those that shrink.

Beef tongue and oxtail soup make both ends meat.

A morally conducted family should have an "upright" piano.

Play-tonic affection—Going out between the acts at a theatre.

The summer hotel landlord has now adopted the standard gauge smile.

Why is it vulgar to send a telegram?—Because it is making use of flash language.

"Capital punishment!" as the boy said when the schoolmistress seated him with the girls.

Even the worm will turn when trodden on, except when a Chicago girl treads on him.

Fifty more young ladies were made bachelors last week at a Boston college. If this thing continues there will be a shortage in old maids.

A well-known New York tailor recently attempted to kill his wife, and subsequently committed suicide. This is evidently not a case of the survival of the "fittest."

A nineteen year old Western girl has just married her fourth husband. She intends living a married life until she dies, if the stock of husbands only holds out.

"Oh, where does beauty linger?" sings a Philadelphia poetess. Considerable of it usually lingers upon a young man's shoulder unless her head rests very quietly.

Yes, "Esmeralda," your ma was undoubted right. Iron is "good for the blood." For instance, observe what a complexions the Chinese laundry men have!

A train moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour will clear fifty feet in one second, or at the same rate of speed that a Kentuckian accepts an invitation to take a drink.

"What are you thinking about when you are not thinking about anything?" "In that case, I am thinking what answer to make to a man who does not ask the a question."

An Irish counsel, being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied: "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am employed by the defendant."

A wealthy Chicago man buying a large wash tub, the seller asked: "Vell, mein freund, you vill got your own washin' done?" "Oh, no. This is for a foot tub for my daughter," was the truthful reply.

"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old boy one day, who was crying for his mother: "No, sir," sobbed the boy; "but my mother is."

Little Lottie (to her friend): "Oh, I am so busy! Yesterday a little baby sister arrived, and papa is on a journey. It was a piece of luck that mamma was at home to take care of it."

"Oh, you can laugh," exclaimed Fenderson, with a show of impatience; "but I'm not quite so much of a fool as you think I am." "Tell you the truth," said Fogg. "I didn't believe it could be possible."

An Irishman, recently landed, entered a barber shop in Jersey City, for a shave. After the barber was through, he asked the customary question: "Have bay rum, sir?" "No, sor; the fact is, sor, I've just had a glass of beer an' I don't like mixin' drinks."

"How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?" asked a reporter of Superintendent Jasper, the other day. "Because school teachers are, as a rule, women of sense, and no woman will give up a $60 position for a $10 man," was the reply.

"What does your husband do?" asked the census man. "He ain't doin' nothin' at this time of the year," said the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the census man. Understanding him to say "papa," "Law, no!" she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly; "we ain't been married more'n six weeks."

There is such a thing as being smothered with honey. A Kansas man recently drew a big prize in a lottery, and the very same day his wife had twins—both boys—his mother-in-law was struck by lightning while in transit to pay him a visit, and a man who had owed him nine dollars for ten years sent along the money.

Two immigrants, evidently a married couple, bound for Omaha, stopped in a Chicago restaurant for dinner. Sitting opposite them at a table were a pair of dudes, one of whom was nibbling a piece of celery. "Say, say Pat," said the old woman, poking him with her elbow, "d'ye get on tu 'is nibbs atin' ther bouquet."

Magistrate: "It seems, prisoner, that you took fifteen cents from the prosecutor's till. Now, I put it to you seriously, was it worth your while to risk your character, your liberty, your whole future, for such a trifle?" "Certainly not, your honor; but I did not know there was so little in the till—I took all there was."

A Herald correspondent, describing the dress of a belle at a recent Newport ball, says: "Miss B., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her sex, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl button solitaire." How sweet she must have looked.

"Make it very strong and close Uncle, John," said the lady of the manor to the negro who was building a new garden fence: "my Christianity can't stand the test of my neighbor's pigs and chickens." "I b'lieve you, missus," was the old man's emphatic response, "kase I bin allus notice dut dere was an end to all peace, and good will, and neighborliness an' 'ligion, whar dar warn't no fence."

"I can't pay that bill just now; you will have to wait a little for the money." "All right, sir," cheerfully responded the boy, as he seated himself, and unfolded the copy of the morning paper. "Them's the orders of the guv'ner." "What are the orders of the guv'ner?" demanded the gentleman, sternly. "I'm to wait for the money."

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

We make the following liberal proposition to the subscribers of the REPORTER: Any one sending us the name of a new cash subscriber for one year, will get a credit of three months for his trouble, and the new name two months extra. We would be pleased to have every reader send us at least one name under this very liberal offer. For any additional names we will allow the same. tf

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PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY — On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

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COSTIVENESS

affects seriously all the digestive and assimilative organs, including the **Kidneys.** When these organs are so affected, they fail to extract from the blood the uric acid, which, carried through the circulation, causes **Rheumatism and Neuralgia.**

The functions of the Liver are also affected by costiveness, causing

Bilious Disorders.

Among the warning symptoms of Biliousness are Nausea, Dizziness, Headache, Weakness, Fever, Dimness of Vision, Yellowness of Skin, Pains in the Side, Back and Shoulders, Foul Mouth, Furred Tongue, Irregularity in the action of the Bowels, Vomiting, etc.

The Stomach suffers when the bowels are constipated, and Indigestion or

Dyspepsia,

follows. Fetid Breath, Gastric Pains, Headache, Acidity of the Stomach, Waterbrash, Nervousness, and Depression, are all evidences of the presence of this distressing malady. **A Sure Relief** for irregularities of the Stomach and all consequent diseases, will be found in the use of

AYER'S PILLS.

They stimulate the stomach, free the bowels, healthfully invigorate the torpid liver and kidneys, and by their cleansing, healing and tonic properties, strengthen and purify the whole system, and restore it to a salutary and normal condition.

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Recommended by eminent physicians. Popular for its well known properties of purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. It has made wonderful cures of Scrofula, Rheumatism, Throat, Lung, Liver, Kidney, and Nervous diseases, and has brought health and comfort to thousands of suffering women. Its property of increasing the nourishing quality of the blood, renders it so effective in reviving the vital energies that it often saves life. If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Consumption, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Bowel, Liver, Kidney, or other disease, your blood is defective and is losing its power to nourish and sustain the system. Don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day. It will give you new life and vigor. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

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We manufacture nothing but good goods, and ask a careful inspection before buying elsewhere. We quote a few prices:

Solid Walnut Marble Top Chamber Suits Reduced from $55 to $45.
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SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; **sour stomach; loss of appetite;** sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; **headache;** loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; **debility;** low spirits; a thick, **yellow** appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

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Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action. Being **entirely vegetable,** no particular care is required while using this medicine.

The **Regulator** acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. **It regulates the Liver,** and Nature relieving herself, causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, **a tonic effect** is produced, and health is perfectly restored.

It Regulates the Bowels and Removes CONSTIPATION.

It is a CERTAIN CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

The **Regulator** contains no quinine, mineral, or anything that will injure the most delicate patient, and is given with **safety** and the **happiest results** to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which **a laxative, alterative or purgative** is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. **The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!**

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Infact, everything that belongs to that line of business. I will also handle

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I respectfully invite all farmers or any persons wishing to purchase any of the above machinery to come and see my stock, examine prices, and be convinced that I am prepared to sell cheaper than any one in the county.

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WANTED! Groups [illegible] &c. SALARIES [illegible] essential. Full instructions given to [illegible] Address, Le CLARE & HEDRICK, Brighton, N. Y. *One mile east of Rochester.*

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FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned represents twelve as good Fire Insurance companies as can be found in the world, and also represents the best Life and Accident companies in existence My motto is, "I study to please." Office in Bush's block, (over Valentine & Co.'s store,) Bellefonte, Pa. 27may1yr] BOND VALENTINE.

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Prize. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED. A few good reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our New Fruits and Specialties! together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK Previous experience not essential. ☞ LIVE, ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms address, giving full name, age and reference, Hoopes, Brother & Thomas, West Chester, Penn'a.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new

TO GRATIFY HIS WIFE.

A Good Reason for Happiness.

"For many years I had suffered with a complaint which the physicians call gravel. I had employed some of the most noted doctors without obtaining any permanent relief, and for a long time my case was regarded hopeless. All who knew the circumstances said I must die. Finally my wife induced me to try a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," which she had somewhere heard of or seen advertised. Without the slightest faith in it, but solely to gratify her, I bought a bottle of a druggist in the village. I used that and two or three bottles more, and—to make a long story short—I am now as healthy a man as there is in the country.

"Since then I have recommended "Favorite Remedy" to others whom I knew to suffer from Kidney and Liver complaints; and assure the public that the "Favorite Remedy" has done its work with a similar completeness in every single instance, and I trust some other sick and discouraged mortal may hear of it and try the "Favorite Remedy" as I did."—Washington Monroe, Hopkinton, N. Y.

Don't let a foolish prejudice against a popular medicine stand between you and the health of your wife, child or baby. It is always right to advertise a blessing. Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" is a blessing. It has saved thousands, and it will help you. If you are sick from troubles of the kidneys, bowels, liver or blood, spend one dollar for the king of medicines.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

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REAPER SECTIONS AND
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RAKES, FORKS,
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—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE. TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

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ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURD STATE OF THE BLOOD. CURES ULCERS, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, DEBILITY, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, SORE EYES, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, SALT RHEUM, MERCURIAL DISEASES, AND IN SHORT, IS THE BEST SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. TRY IT, AND BE CONVINCED. IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION, COMPOUNDED FROM THE FINEST ROOTS, HERBS AND LEAVES, WHICH NATURE HAS PROVIDED FOR THE ILLS OF MAN. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, EVERYWHERE.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS.
CURE LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION, SICK-HEADACHE, FEVER AND AGUE AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH AND LIVER. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS PER BOX.
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Greatest Inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Cold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Sets. For full particulars address
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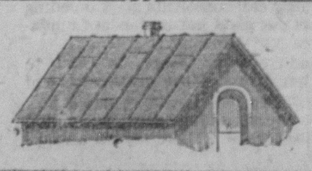

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IS THE ONLY
DOUBLE CAPPED CORRUGATED
ROOFING,
AND IS THE ONLY ONE PREPARED BY THE MANUFACTURERS
READY FOR USE.
J. A. REESMAN,
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Furnishes and Keeps on Hand
SASH, — DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
23jl1y ISRAEL CONFER & SON

Scientific.

After giving an exposition of the chemical composition and alimentary value of the different portions of the grain of wheat, M. Aime Girard concludes that it is advisable to reject, in so far as it is mechanically possible, the outer layers of the grain and reserve for human food the farinaceous portion only.

Dr. F. H. Bowman calls attention to the neglected fact that the prolonged action of boiling water upon wool is injurious. He mentions that wool which looked quite bright after washing in lukewarn water was decidedly duller when kept for some time in water 160° Fahrenheit, and after treatment in boiling water it became quite dull and lustreless.

A new epidemic recently prevailed among the domestic ducks at the town of Castres, in the Department of Tarn, France. This disease, which raged for a time with great violence, M. A. Caraven-Cachin says, was ultimately traced to the leaves of the *Ailantus grandulosa*, or varnish of Japan, which grew in the neighborhood and were eaten by the victims.

The poisonous properties of stockings dyed with the brilliant aniline dyes, it is said, may be rendered harmless by dipping the article in a bath of rubber dissolved in in naptha or some other reagent. This having been done, subsequent evaporation has the effect to cover each fibre with a thin film of rubber, and by this means the transfer of the coloring material from the goods to the skin is prevented.

M. G. Baldoni finds that at low temperatures the venom of the viper does very little harm to warm-blooded animals of even low resisting power, and that potassium permanganate is of no effect in opposing the evil effects of the viper bite. When the permanganate does seem to neutralize the venom he maintains that the recovery of the animals experimented upon is not due to the potency of the alleged antidote but to the insufficiency of the poison administered.

M. E. Johanson has given the following receipt for stamping textile materials indelibly: Dissolve twenty-two parts of carbonate of soda in eighty-five parts of glycerine and rub into the solution twenty parts of gum arabic. Dissolve eleven parts of nitrate of silver in twenty parts of officinal water of ammonia. Mix these two solutions and heat the mixture to boiling. When the liquid has acquired a dark color stir into it ten parts of Venice turpentine. Apply the resulting ink with a stamp to the fabrics, and subject the impressions to natural or artificial heat.

The exact knowledge of the combustion heat of coal gas has enabled Witz to determine the temperatures and the theoretic explosive pressures of detonating mixtures formed with this gas. The mixtures were taken at 0° Centigrade and at the atmospheric pressure. A mixture of one volume of gas and six volumes of air gave a temperature of 2,064° and a pressure of 8.6 atmospheres. A mixture of one volume of gas with ten volumes of air gave a temperature of 1,514° and a pressure of 6.5 atmospheres. These figures are lower than those hitherto admitted for such detonating mixtures.

Several cases of poisoning by the fumes of nitric acid have occurred of late at Bonne and Halle, and have excited considerable interest. In one instance a girl who was carrying along the street a metal vessel of nitric acid inhaled the vapor and died of asphyxia twelve hours afterward. In another instance a young chemist, who had been working for some hours with fuming nitric acid, was gradually poisoned, and his recovery was very tedious. In view of such accidents, *L'Electricite* recommends that batteries, such as those of Bunsen, etc., should not be used in places where the ventilation is defective.

From the orange, *Citrus aurantium* and *Citrus bigaradia*, are obtained five distinct and valuable perfumes: 1. The true orange flower essence, obtained by digesting the flowers with lard. 2. Oil neroli petale, or oil neroli bigarade, obtained by distilling the flowers of the sweet and of the bitter orange respectively. 3. Oil neroli petit grain, obtained by distilling the leaves and unripe fruit. 4. Oil orange of Portugal, obtained by rolling the fruit in a metal cup covered with spikes on its inner surface, and so wounding the rind and causing the essence to flow from the oil glands. 5. Commercial oil of orange, obtained by expressing or distilling orange peel.

The galvano-plastic process of M. Coblence for obtaining electrotypes of wood engravings is stated by the *Printer and Stationer* to be as follows: A frame is laid upon a marble block and then covered with a solution of wax, colophene and turpentine. The mixture on the frame becomes hard after cooling and presents a smooth even surface. An engraved wooden block is placed upon the surface of the frame and subjected to a strong pressure. The imprint or matrix in cameo having been coated with graphite is then placed vertically in a galvano-plastic bath and a cast, an exact reproduction of the wood engraving, is obtained. The shell is then backed with type metal and finished in the usual manner.

Ask your grocer for ORIENTAL, full roller process flour.

WHERE MONEY REIGNS SUPREME.

In New York, and, I suppose in all large cities, but there especially, money has been made by the fortune. They have hundreds of millionaires, and thousands upon thousands of very rich men. Speculative opportunities afforded by the war were availed of by unscrupulous men, who to-day live upon their ill-gotten gains. We are on the ragged edge of speculation. Speculation has put into the pockets of rascals millions, and has taken from the pockets of the greedy millions. A new set have come to the front socially and financially. They are vulgar, common, rude, offensive. They boast of their wealth; they flaunt in the eyes of the public their new purchase; they give balls and entertainments to which gentlemen with whom they are unacquainted are invited. They send lists of guests to the newspapers; they furnish, in addition to this, descriptions of elegant toilets worn by the ladies at these entertainments; they inform society reporters in all the details of expenditure; they tell how much they spend for flowers, what the cost of the dinner or supper is to be. They parade before the reporters their gold and silver service, and are particular that they get its correct cost. They appear upon the streets in the morning with diamonds in their ears, with costly ornaments upon their necks, and expensive bracelets upon their arms, if they be women; with diamond collar-buttons and diamond sets, and heavy gold chains and solitaire diamond rings upon their fingers, if they are men. They are loud in tone, flashy in dress and boorish in manner. All this, vulgar and low-bred as it is, is not bad; it is simply disagreeable, and, doubtless, as time rolls on, social friction will smooth away the roughness, and when the fourth generation appears—by which time, however, the money will doubtless be spent—manhood and womanhood will have their turn. The foregoing refers to the home life of these creatures. In their public and in their amusement taste I find the beacons and suggestions to which I earlier referred.

LONDON'S VASTNESS.

London is the vastest aggregation of human beings that the world has seen. Because it is so vast it has outgrown all organization, and ceased to think of itself as a city at all. The municipal system of the Middle Ages was only once extended to include a new area, at the time when the region between Ludgate Hill and Temple Bar was brought within the walls. The last century was not fertile in creative expedients, and when the people wakened up fifty years ago to see how huge London even then was compared with that square mile which we call the city, and which carries on the ancient municipal government, they shrink back from the problem of giving it a corporate existence, and remodelling the old institutions to suit these new conditions. Thus we find no collective action in London for common objects; no appliances intended to serve the whole of its inhabitants. The greatest things, like the British Museum Library and the picture galleries and art collections, have been created or gathered not by Londoners, but by the nation. Such educational agencies as exist have grown up accidentally, sporadically, unconnectedly. None of them is strong enough to grapple with the needs of all London, nor is there combined action between them. Indeed, few Londoners know what London contains; the names not only of institutions but even of large districts are strange to those who dwell in other parts. Herodotus relates that when Babylon was taken by Cyrus the inhabitants of the centre continued to feast and make merry long after the conquerors had began to sack the outer parts, and I need not tell how little Mayfair and Belgravia have known of the foes that are always ravaging the quarters of the poor.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

Beethoven took a keen delight in practical joking. The wife of a pianoforte player and composer in Vienna had such an ardent desire to possess a lock of Beethoven's hair, that she induced her husband to ask a mutual friend to endeavor to get the great composer to gratify her wish. The friend proved too fond of a practical joke to be a loyal messenger. He persuaded Beethoven to send her a lock of coarse gray hair resembling his own, but cut from another head—a billy-goat's! The lady, thinking she had the genuine article, was as proud as a peacock; but her joy was short lived, for another friend, a party to the trick which had been practised, informed her of the deception. The husband of the deluded and distressed lady wrote an indignant letter to Beethoven, upbraiding him; and so fairly was the composer shamed for the discourtesy and unkindness of the jest in which he had joined that he wrote a letter of apology to the aggrieved lady, enclosing a real lock of his hair, and thenceforth refused the visits of the instigator of such ungallant practical joking.

Everybody is making mistakes. Everybody is finding out afterwards that he has made a mistake. But there can be no greater mistake than the stopping to worry over a mistake already made.

—ORIENTAL is the best in the market. Try a sack.

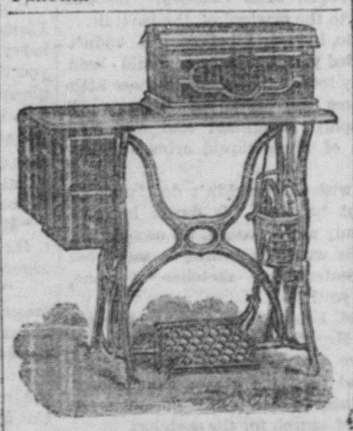
Chronic Dysentery.

Mr. James Brannan, Second avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For two years I have been constantly troubled with a chronic diarrhœa, or dysentery, having had, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five passages every twenty-four hours, and every one bloody. I had thoroughly tried all the prominent physicians in Pittsburgh, was twice in the West Penn Hospital, the first time thirteen weeks, and though I left it much better, yet in five days I was as bad as ever. I then tried two other great doctors in this city, and one of them finally assured me I was not long for this world, and advised me to write to my friends about it. I next went to Dr. Hartman, without the least confidence that he could do anything for me. He examined me, smiled, and said, he could stop the bloody discharges in less than two weeks, which he did with PERUNA, and I have now been entirely well for several weeks, and never felt better in my life, though I am still taking his PERUNA. I will take it whenever I need medicine.

Mr. Patrick Burns, Pittsburgh, writes: "I have suffered intensely from piles and chronic diarrhœa. I was treated by five of the best physicians and surgeons in the city of Pittsburgh, and with all grew constantly worse. Finally three of them said my only hope was an operation. This frightened me, and I went immediately to Dr. Hartman, who has entirely cured me with PERUNA. I have been at work now for three months, and never in my life felt better. Call and see me at corner of Twenty-seventh and Mulberry streets, Twelfth ward, Pittsburgh."

Mr. Patrick Cunningham, S. S., near Sidney street, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "For five years I have suffered inexpressibly from internal and external piles. I have tried the best physicians of Pittsburgh and Allegheny without relief. I went to Dr. Hartman, who cured me without detention from work with PERUNA."

Charles Frank, of Emrichville, Jefferson county, Ohio, writes: "I had piles and fistula in ano for four years. I had suffered constantly with a discharge of matter from the parts, and sometimes from the contents of the bowels through it. I could not have borne it much longer. I had heard so much of the ill effects of a knife operation that I resolved to go to Dr. Hartman. He ridiculed the silly idea of cutting it, and at once performed his own original operation without the knife, and without pain. I am thoroughly cured, though of course I took PERUNA."



A SINGER FOR $20.

Any subscriber to the Reporter can get a new Singer Sewing Machine, and the REPORTER one year for $20. The machine has two side drawers, drop leaf and cover, with usual attachments and a full and complete set of extra attachments along with it, 1 ruffler, tucker, binder, four hemmers, gauge, 1 extra cloth plate, 1 quilter, 1 extra presser foot and 1 thread cutter, all of latest and most improved pattern. Every machine is fully guaranteed to be a new Singer Machine in good working order. See cut above. You can examine before you pay your cash. aug20

An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the past forty years, it has been regarded as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption, and by the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of Croup, the alleviation of Whooping Cough, and the cure of Colds and Influenza, ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. FOR MEN ONLY.
PROF. HARRIS' Pastille
A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.
NERVOUS DEBILITY ORGANIC WEAKNESS
Decay and numerous obscure diseases, following the sad practices of youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work, & avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted away, are then built up, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and actual vigor.
TESTED FOR SEVEN YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.
TREATMENT.
One Month, - $3.00
Two Months, - 5.00
Three Months, 7.00
VITAL RESTORER
HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'F'G CHEMISTS
306½ N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.
RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss, but a Book of 100 pages of information, WE GIVE FREE.

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In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.
WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

TUTT'S PILLS
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and
CONSTIPATION.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN ON THE LOSS OF
MANHOOD
A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical Cure Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self Abuse, involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, etc., by ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D.
The world-renowned author in this admirable lecture clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,
THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 450.
20may 1yr

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after July 5, 1885.

		WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		2 30 a m
"	"	Montandon		5 46 a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo		9 25 a m
"	arr at	Erie		6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon		10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon		1 50 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo		5 05 p m
"	"	Kane		9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Belle-fonte at				5 05 p m
EAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		5 45 p m
"	"	Montandon		5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport		7 15 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 15 p m
"	arr at	Renovo		9 15 p m
		(Sunday Train.		
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport		10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 33 a m
"	"	arrives Renovo		12 30 p m
		EASTWARD.		
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport		8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane		5 45 a m
"	"	Renovo		10 00 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 00 a m
"	"	Williamsport		12 15 p m
"	"	Montandon		1 17 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		3 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		6 50 p m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo		3 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	"	Montandon		7 41 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		10 00 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		4 25 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundy.				
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie		2 20 p m
"	"	Renovo		10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport		1 05 a m
"	"	Montandon		2 30 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		8 25 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. R. V. R. R. Trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with Erie Mail East and West R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.			STATIONS.	Eastward.		
P M	A. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M
1 30	10 20	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50
1 50	10 35	6 00	Lewisburg, arrive	8 55	12 55	6 35
2 15	10 35	7 25	Lewisburg, leave	8 35	12 40	4 50
2 20	10 40	7 30	Fair Grounds	8 30	12 35	4 45
2 30	10 51	7 40	Beihl	8 20	12 24	4 34
2 56	11 00	7 48	Vicksburg	8 15	12 15	4 28
3 00	11 20	8 00	Millmbnrg	8 00	12 00	4 13
3 28		8 22	Milmont	7 40		3 52
3 40		8 33	Laurelton	7 30		3 40
5 00		9 48	Coburn	6 18		2 20
5 30		10 15	Rising Spring	5 50		1 50
		10 39	Centre Hall			1 28
		10 48	Gregg			1 19
		11 00	Linden Hall			1 08
		11 10	Oak Hall			1 00
		11 20	Lemont			12 50

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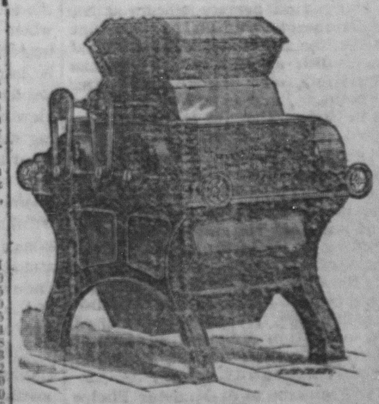

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

—The second of the trial yacht races took place on the 22d and was won by the Priscilla. The yacht Gracie beat the Bedouin.

—The Cunard steamer Etruria, which arrived in New York on the 22d, made the fastest western trip on record, her time of passage from Fastnet Light to Fire Island being six days and two hours.

—State Treasurer Maxwell, of New York, has decided not to appoint a successor to the late Deputy Treasurer, Edward K. Apgar.

—A violent storm passed over Cincinnati on the 22d. The rain fell in sheets, flooded basements in all parts of the city and temporarily suspended street traffic.

—On the 24th, Counsel for Carter Harrison submitted an answer to the bill filed by citizens about two months ago, disputing Mr. Harrison's title to the Mayoralty of Chicago, by reason of numerous miscounts stated to have been made in the vote, and innumerable frauds alleged to have been committed at the polls in the interest of Harrison. The answer is in the nature of a demurrer, generally denying the allegations of the bill and giving fifteen reasons why, in the opinion of the defendant, the case is not entitled to a regular trial in Court.

—The publicity given to the fact that the United States Treasurer had resumed the transfer of gold coins from San Francisco to New York by registered mail has again caused a suspension of that mode by transportation. It is not expected that any more gold will be sent through the mails for some time.

—The Signal Service at Chicago reports that heavy rains have fallen in Northern Illinois, Iowa and Indiana, and eastward through the lower lake region. The fall at Chicago from seven o'clock on the 23d to three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 24th, was 3.89 inches. During the storms on August 2 last, there was a fall of 6.33 inches, so that thus far during the present month there have been over ten inches of rain fall, the greatest amount yet recorded in one month in Chicago.

—Mr. Longworthy, Deputy Comptroller of the Currency, who has been acting as Comptroller in the absence of Mr. Cannon, was taken sick on the 24th and it is thought will not be able to attend to his official duties for several weeks. Mr. Cannon was notified and is expected to return to Washington at once.

—In the third and last trial race between the yachts Puritan and Priscilla, to see which shall defend the American cup against the English cutter Genesta, the Puritan won by twenty seconds.

—In the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco on the 24th, Judge Sayer rendered an opinion in the Chinese habeas corpus cases of Sun Hunz and Si Yee, allowing them to take an appeal from the United States District Court to the Supreme Court of the United States. The effect of Judge Sayers' decision, it is said, will be to give every Chinaman who wants to get into this country the right to appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

—Adjutant General Drum on the 24th received a dispatch from the officer commanding in New Mexico saying that the Southern Utes in that Territory were starving; that they had no supplies and were unable to procure any, and that unless food was immediately secured for them they would go the war path. These are the same Indians that, a few weeks since, were reported to be without food and in a starving condition. Temporary relief was afforded them by drawing on the military stores.

—The State Prohibition Convention was held in Harrisburg on the 25th. There were 350 delegates present. A. A. Stevens was chosen permanent chairman. Barr Spangler, of Marietta, was nominated for State Treasurer.

—The New York Republican State Committee met in Saratoga on the 25th, and selected Saratoga as the place for holding the next State Convention. September 22d was decided upon as the date.

—The Signal Service officers at St. Paul, Minnesota, said on the 25th that the frost line on Monday night extended as far south as Morhead, where the mercury fell to 32 degrees, the killing frost point. There is no further fear of frost in that section for the present, as the cold wave is broken.

—Dr. D. H. Gregg, a wealthy citizen of King William county, Virginia, was found dead in bed at the St. Charles Hotel in Richmond on the 25th. He was 84 years old and died of apoplexy. According to the terms of his will the residue of his estate, amounting to over $100,000, will go to the St. Joseph's Female Orphan Catholic Institution of Richmond, the interest to be devoted to the education of female children of the Caucasian race, without regard to religion or nationality.

—The remains of ex-Minister Phelps arrived in Washington on the 25th and were conveyed to Oak Hill Cemetery and deposited in a vault. The body will not be finally interred until October, when, it is understood, funeral ceremonies will take place.

—The commissioner of Indian affairs on the 25th, instructed the agent for the Southern Utes in Colorado to secure supplies for the Indians. The Bureau officers say the trouble was caused by deficient appropriations for the purchase of food supplies.

—The official census of Minnesota was received at the office of the Secretary of State on the 25th, showing the population to be 1,118,486, a gain over the United States census in 1880 of 337,713. The question of holding a special session of the legislature for a re-appointment for Legislative purposes is now being considered by the Governor.

—Counsel for Riel says an order for the hearing of Riel's case before the Manitoba Court of Appeals next term has been granted.

—The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania was held in Harrisburg on the 26th. Over four hundred delegates were present. R. P. Allen, of Lycoming county, was elected temporary chairman, and Jacob C. Turney, of Westmoreland county, permanent chairman. The platform adopted declares for an earnest and efficient civil service; a fair and just revision of the tariff, and a thorough reform of the methods of administration which obtained under Republican rule; approves the administration of President Cleveland and his cabinet, and of Governor Pattison and his official advisers; declares that the importation under contract of foreign pauper labor is an evil which should be remedied by judicious legislation; demands the regulation by law of the carrying corporations of the State, and the equalization of the tax laws; denounces the attempt to consolidate the South Pennsylvania and Beach Creek Railroads with the Pennsylvania Railroad; opposes sumptuary legislation and unequal taxation in any form, and favors the regulation of the liquor traffic, and providing against the evils arising therefrom by a judicious and properly graded license system. In the last plank an appropriate allusion was made to the death of General Grant. Conrad B. Day was nominated for State Treasurer by acclamation.

—The Republican State Convention of Iowa met in Des Moines on the 26th. After perfecting a temporary organization the convention adjourned.

—Governor Hoadly, of Ohio, arrived in Baltimore on the 24th, and said on the 25th in an interview that he was hopeful for Democratic success in the fall election in Ohio.

—Attorney General Garland left Washington on the 27th for a short visit to his home in Arkansas.

—Alderman Donovan, Chairman of the Committee recently appointed by the Board of Aldermen of Boston, to arrange for the pronouncing before the City Council and the public of an eulogy on the life and services of General Grant, announces that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has accepted the invitation of the committee to deliver the eulogy.

—The Grant Memorial Fund in New York now amounts to $64,506.

—Governor Pierce, of Dakota, is on his way to Washington to file the census recently taken of the Territory. The population in round numbers is 415,000, of which South Dakota claims 263,000. The total number of farms in the Territory is 80,000, varying in area from 6000 acres down.

—The Georgia Legislature on the 26th formally received the records of the Board of Trustees of the Georgia Colony, which were presented to the State by John S. Morgan, of London.

—A train load of twenty cars, with 438,000 pounds of wool, left Portland, Oregon, on the 24th for Philadelphia. This is said to be the largest rail shipment ever made from the coast. The trip will be made in seven and one-half days.

Venus and Jupiter.

Venus has again returned to the evening sky, and may now be seen sparkling in the early twilight. She is accompanied by swift little Mercury, which passed her in her eastward flight a week ago, but will turn back and meet her again early in August. Jupiter also glows near by, and to the naked eye there is not much difference to be perceived between Jupiter and Venus. But in a good telescope the difference is very great, and the astronomer knows that it would take 1,400 globes like Venus to equal the bulk of Jupiter. Yet Venus is only a trifle smaller than the earth. These two worlds now shining almost side by side in the sky are still more different in their condition. They represent two opposite points in a planetery history. Jupiter, notwithstanding its enormous size, is, speaking in a geological sense, a mere baby beside Venus or the Earth. The telescope shows that its huge globe is still in the throes of that age of fire and vapor which precedes the formation of a planetary crust, and when the observer understands the magnitude of the forces at work there is hardly any phenomenon in the heavens so awe inspiring as a telescopic view of the drifting, tossing and whirling surface of Jupiter. Venus, on the other hand, appears to be in very much the same condition as the earth, possessing a cool and rigid surface, wrinkled and diversified with mountains and plains, and enveloped by an atmosphere in which float clouds like those that refresh the earth. The study of the planets has never been pursued with so much industry and success as at present. Astronomers are just beginning fully to understand that it is possible for them to learn much about the past and future of the Earth by studying the present condition of its sister planets. Whoever looks at Jupiter and Venus in the western skies sees two worlds, one having all the phases of the Earth's history since it was "without form and void," still before it, and the other as old in a planetary sense as the globe we tread, and perhaps possessing as wonderful a history since life appeared upon its surface.

—Steel tubes are found to contain twice as much magnetism as steel rods, and are therefore better for permanent magnets.

—In some provinces of Brazil iron ore is used in large quantities as building stone, so abundant and ready to hand is it.

—A San Francisco lawyer announces that he will not defend the criminal classes hereafter. He says he prefers to send them to prison.

DEAD FLOWERS.

We ask, and are answered not,
And so we say God has forgot,
Or else there is no God.

The years
Roll back, and through a mist of tears
I see a child turn from her play
And seek with eager feet the way
That led her to her father's knee.

"If God is good and kind," said she,
"Why did he let my roses die?"
A moment's pause, a smile, a sigh,
And then, "I do not know, my dear;
Some questions are not answered here."

"But is it wrong to ask?" "Not so,
My child. That we should seek to know
Proves right to know, beyond a doubt;
And so some day we shall find out
Why roses die."

And then I wait,
Sure of my answer soon or late;
Secure that love doth hold for me
The key to life's great mystery;
And, oh! so glad to leave it there!
Though my dead roses were so fair.

HE WAS AN ARTIST.

He had a studio on Cnestnut street—before his arrival it was known as an attic. It had that trade mark peculiar to an artist's den, namely dust and disorder. But this morning there was a suspicion of neatneess in the arrangement of many unfinished canvasses; some of the dust and dirt had been removed, though a few spider webs lurked in the corners. However, taking all into consideration, it was not so bad a place as it might be.

So thought its sole lord and master, by name David Marvin, as he sat before his easel, putting in a little darker background to the lovely face he was painting. Perhaps you might not call it lovely, but I assure you that the artist thought those deep brown eyes, the auburn hair, and the firm red lips, something extraordinary.

"So you think a broom and water has somewhat improved the appearance of my room, Miss Lothorp," he was saying to the original of the portrait.

"I do, indeed; I believe if I hadn't reminded you in time, you would been entirely lost in the lacework those little creatures were spinning about you," she replied, laughing, and flashing a glance of those liquid orbes at Marvin.

"I wish she wouldn't do that," he thought bending his flaxen head to avoid any more flashes, let us suppose. "By the way, you wished to see those new water-color sketches of mine, didn't you?"

"Yes, I should like very much to see them, Mr. Marvin."

There was no mistake this time; the eyes had a curious gleam that caused the painter to dive into a corner in an agony of search for the sketches.

But what was this? Bump, bump, up the stairs it came, and amidst a great heaval of sighs the door was swung open, and in the open portal appeared a personage of great proportions; an immense white chip bonnet adorned with flaming red roses and blue ribbons, a purple gown, green flannel bag of dimensions unknown, and a white cotton umbrella, made the *tout ensemble*.

"Laws a mercy, Davy! But them be the awfulest stairs I ever seen. Here am I, a blowing like an old whale, and never a breath of air in this stujo of yours; it oughter been called stewpan, it's my opinion. He! he!"

Miss Lothorp had withdrawn into a corner by the window at the panting dame's unceremonious arrival, and was now eyeing her gaudy attire with badly concealed merriment on her face.

"And never a cheer nuther. Bless my soul, Davy, yer getting airy in yer sky parlor; but you hain't larning no sense, that's one thing, a tumblin' out yer cheers for this rubbish," she continued, with a majestic wave of her hand to the works of art lying around.

"Well, upon my word, Aunt Eliza, you've taken me by storm. I did not look for you on such a hot day as this," at last grasped David.

"Oh, no! I was sartin sure of that. I knew I wasn't wanted, that's just why I came, Dave Martin!" snapped Aunt Eliza, looking vindictively at Miss Lothorp. "Who's that?" she asked in a stage whisper.

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Eliza," said David, recovering his lost energy, and pulling himself up with a jerk. "Miss Lothorp allow me to introduce my aunt, Miss Hawkins."

"I'm from Redington, Pa.; ye've heerd of Reddingtoh, Miss?" inquired the old lady, with some pride. "It's a real smart town. Davy was brung up there," she went on, seating herself.

"Indeed!" Miss Lothrop murmured, endeavoring to appear interested, while Mr. Marvin inwardly cursed his fate.

"I hope this feller hasn't been telling ye yarns about his au—an, oh, whatever you call 'em; they say all in Philadelphy do, you know. Why, do you know, I 'member Davy when he were a little chap in petticoats, fetching water from the well, and mindin' the babies, carryin' them pig-a-back. Ye needn't blush, Davy; it's gospel truth. I wonder what yer mother would say if she seen ye now, dabblin' in those nasty paints? Like as not she's washing your father's clothes; his father's a miner, Miss Lothorp. Why, yer surely not going?"

"Yes; you will please excuse me, but I remember that I have a pressing engagement that I cannot slight. Goodbye."

"I am sorry, Miss Lothorp," said David, in a husky voice, surprise and indignation making his naturally stupid tongue dumb. "Good morning. Oh, aunt, what have you done?" he exclaimed, as he closed the door after the young lady. "I can hardly say I thank you for airing those spicy anecdotes of my juvensle days he continued, bitterly, as he busied himself before his easel. "What will she think?" was the next thought. "And she'll never come back," he unluckily muttered aloud. Alas poor Dave!

"You blamed fool, Dave Marvin!" exclaimed Aunt Eliza, grasping the ferule of her umbrella. "You blamed fool."

"Aunt."

"Y'are. I s'pose ye'll be bringing that proud hussy home ter Redington when ye get her. He, he! When you do! But never fear, Dave, no one that's insulted me——"

"Once for all aunt——"

One-half an hour afterward Aunt Eliza came out into the broad daylight, mopping her moist brows, and frowning darkly at the fifth floor window, from whence her painter nephew was gazing down stupidly on the crowded street.

"Blamed fool!" she muttered, as she bumped into a fat gentleman, short of stature, who was vainly endeavoring to pass her.

Another morning two weeks later, David was at his easel, working on the deep brown eyes, with the heavily fringed lashes. Was it—no—but it was the original again sitting before him.

"Yes, I really thought that you would never come again. You were so terribly put out, you know," he was saying, the hot blood mounting to his brow.

"Why what made you think that? I was very much amused by the old lady; she is very communicative, don't you think?" she asked with the queer gleam in her eyes that the poor fellow dreaded so much.

"Ah, yes—that is—" he stammered, then quitted his work, and brush and palette were thrown down. "Miss Lothorp!"

"Mr. Marvin!"

He stopped and looked doubtingly around him.

"Miss Lothorp, don't you—I mean, would you mind hearing more about that little fellow who carried his sisters—the way she said?"

No answer; the eyes were hidden by the long lashes, and a faint, shell-like tint crept over her face.

"You will not say that you have an engagement?" he asked, thinking he had the upper hand, and consequently feeling brave.

"Oh, will you not believe me? It was really the truth. Why should I make an excuse when I like——"

A full stop.

What? Whom?"

Ill-mannered young man!

"What were you going to say, Mr. Marvin?" she inquired, ignoring his question. "Something about yourself, you'll remember."

"It was—not until you finish your sentence," he said—rash young artist.

"Mr Marvin, yourself or nothing."

"Myself! Do you mean it, Mabel? I was going to say that I love you my Queen Mab!"

That incorrigible young man was on his knees grasping the two warm palms of Miss Lothorp. Her dark head was bent over him, the bonnie brown eyes that David both loved and feared were looking down in his blue orbs with unutterable tenderness. What more was needed?

"Darling your turn now," he whispered.

"You liked—whom?"

"I! O, David! I intended to tell you—not now, but somewhere off in the vague ages—that I liked to listen to the lady's chat about——"

A pause.

"Me! O darling of darlings!"

The postures were something artistic, since their attitudes were struck quite innocently, somewhat after that painting of Romeo and Juliet in Friar Lawrence's cell. The friar alone was needed.

But lo and behold! Who made an appearance at this moment but that venerable gentleman, in the feminine garb of—Aunt Eliza!

"David Marvin! Ye blamed——. Sakes alive! I'm sure I beg your pardon, Miss Lothorp. I——"

"Aunt Eliza allow me to introduce my little wife to be," David said rising from his cramped position.

"My soul! Ye don't say so! Would you marry an artist, Miss Lothorp?"

"Yes indeed any amount of them," she answered, with a fond glance at David.

"One at a time, darling, I think would be the best," he suggested. "Take me first, for a trial."

Older than Oxford.

A Mohammedan university 900 years older than Oxford is still flourishing at Cairo as in the days of Arabian conquests. It contains but one room, the floor is paved and the roof is supported by 400 columns.

No man is wise at all times.

Courtesies and Discourtesies.

There are many courtesies which a gentleman should render to a lady, the absence of which is at once felt, and causes people involuntarily to remark inwardly to themselves, if not aloud to their friends, "That man has not good manners." I passed that judgment the other evening when I was sitting with a friend by her fireside. A gentleman was ushered in who was well known to my friend, but a comparative stranger to me. He shook hands with her first, which was, of course, the right thing to do, and then, while speaking to her he shook hands with me. The breaker of this law of courtesy was a young professional man, well endowed with this world's goods. I should not record this little rudeness if it was only of rare occurrence, but I often notice people guilty of this discourtesy—namely, that of shaking hands with one person while they are speaking to another person. If you wish to say more than "How do you do?" to your hostess, or to any one else whom you greet at first, it is less discourteous to continue your conversation with her for a few minutes before taking notice of any one near her, than it is to stretch out your hand and shake that of her neighbor while your face is turned away and your lips are addressing another person.

The discourteous young man to whom I have alluded gave me another reason for my verdict, and as in this respect also he is by no means the only offender in general society, I shall mention the little rudeness. There are three, if not more, separate syllables and sounds which some people utter or make when they have not heard what has been said to them, or when they wish to express assent. These are—What? Eh? Uh! and a guttural sound of the letter m, which cannot be expressed in writing. "I beg your pardon," or "What did you say?" are sentences which should certainly be said when a repetition is asked for; and "Yes" should not be replaced by a grunt when an assent is given.

There are numerous little acts which a man of courtesy will perform. While he is calling at a house, he will rise and open the door for any lady who leaves the room, even if she is an entire stranger to him; in his own house he will not only open the door of the room, but accompany the lady to the hall door, and open that, if there is no servant at hand to do so, for a departing guest, whether lady or gentleman, should not be left to find their way alone. Neither should they be allowed to find their way into a room. When you act as a host, and your guests accompany you into the drawing room, do not you, my dear sir, follow the practice of some forgetful or neglectful men, who walk in and march straight up the room, leaving their one guest, or a train, as the case may be, to follow and to close the door. A host should open the door and shut it after his guests have entered the room.

Amongst other small courtesies a gentleman will rise from his chair, however luxuriously comfortable, and offer assistance, if need be, to a lady if she goes to put coals on the fire, or if she tries to open or close a window. When he escorts her into a room, he will see that she is seated before he looks for a chair for himself; when he escorts her to a table, he will wait to arrange for her comfort, hold the chair, or push it backwards or forwards, as required, before he takes his own seat. And during the meal he will see that she is provided with all she is likely to want. The lady ought not to be obliged to ask for salt, for water, for another cup of tea, or, in fact, for anything that is on the table.

A Fine Invention.

Mr. Haden, of Virginia, has lately invented one of the most ingenious and valuable devices we have ever seen. Being a poor man and unable to employ a hand as striker, he cast about how he might do by machinery what heretofore could be done only by the hand of man. The result of of his cogitations is a piece of very simple machinery by which the striking hammer is easily and effcetively worked by his foot, while he has both hands free to hold his iron and use the small hammer. To a listener the blows come as naturally and as rapidly as if there were two men handling the hammers in the old-fashioned way, but there is a difference. The machine by an easy motion of the foot on the treadle strikes a harder blow than any man can strike, and can be made, at will, to strike as light a blow as may be needed. But the use of this simple and cheap device in the black-smith's shop is not half. It can be just as easily used, and will find a large field of usefulness, in driving a drill for blasting rock. In its present form, without any change, one man can drive a drill perpendicularly as easily as three men do the same work. By a very simple and easy manner, hammers can be provided and attached which will make it just as easy to drive a drill horizontally or at any required angle, and the work can be done by one man. The machine is portable, and need not be very heavy. A caveat has been secured, and a patent is expected as soon as the papers can be made out.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Smite with the sword of truth.

To the counsellors of peace is joy.

Charity is the bond of perfectness.

A whisper separateth chief friends.

Deeds are fruits; words but leaves.

Calamity is man's true touch-stone.

Modesty has more charms than beauty.

Neatness and order are commendable.

Every one must bear his own burden.

We sow many seeds to get a few flowers.

Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest.

Mental gifts often hide bodily defects.

Envy shoots at others and wounds itself.

Ill examples are like contagious diseases.

The sleep of the laboring man is sweet.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

Seek not for praise, but seek to deserve it.

A clear brain is good, but a right aim is better.

Our night dreams partake of our day thoughts.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

Whosoever elevates himself isolates himself.

Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

Jealousy is a secret avowal of our inferiority.

Every season of life has its appropriate duties.

Egotism and self-assertion are unamiable traits.

Nothing is more attractive than modest simplicity.

Youth looks at the possible; age at the probable.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

No station in life is incompatible with sanctity.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

We owe a large part of our happiness to our mistakes.

An ill-natured old man or woman is a pitiable object.

A serville imitation of fashion is a mark of fashion.

Whoever has learned to love, has learned to be silent.

Boasting renders one ridiculous in the eyes of others.

Watch for favorable opportunities; do not let them slip.

Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise.

Wolves may lose their teeth, but never lose their nature.

We should do good to an enemy and make him our friend.

The Lord often crosses our paths for the benefit of our souls.

The hog never looks up to him that throws down the acorns.

The love of country, and the love of race, are noble qualities.

They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts.

He who can plant courage in a human soul is the best physician.

He that waits for dead men's shoes, may go a long time barefoot.

The teacher may impart instruction, but he cannot furnish brains.

True piety is by no means incompatible with the social virtues.

Manners, with learning and good character, make a gentleman.

Sooner or later a man's thoughts will come into fruitage in deeds.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.

If the Lord lead you in a rough way it is to keep you humble before him.

To write of heroic sacrifices, and to make them, are two different things.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in the world to his fellow men.

Whatever you are undertaking to do cannot be done in your own strength.

It is really of little consequence who we are—it matters more what we are.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

Sorrows humanize our race. Tears are the showers that fertilize the world.

To live according to one's means is honorable; not to do so is dishonorable.

Old age has but little to ask of the world; it estimates life at its true value.

Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

A judicious reticence is hard to learn, but is one of the great lessons of life.

Keep thyself simple good, pure, kind and affectionate. Make thyself all simplicity.

Before you set about asking God's blessing, make sure that you have earned it.

The beam of the benevolent eye giveth value to the bounty which the hand disperses.

A beautiful woman with the qualities of a noble man is the most perfect thing in nature.

A happy jest often gives birth to another; but the child is seldom worth the mother.

The greatest man living may stand in need of the meanest, as much as the meanest does of him.

Never does a man portray his own character so vividly as in his manner of portraying another's.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

If there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

It is always better to keep out of a quarrel than to make it up ever so amicably after you have gone into one.

"WHO'S AFRAID."

Courage, brother! there is nothing
  In the world brave men should fear;
If the heart is firm and steady,
If the arm be strong and ready,
  Half our dangers disappear.
Only cowards faint and falter,
Only cravens shrink and palter,
  Only dastards are dismayed.
Meet each trial—never fly it,
Face misfortune and defy it;
  Courage, brother!—who's afraid?

Courage brother! there is nothing
  In the world true men and woman,
Still be true to man and woman,
To the God of truth a true man,
  True to self when duty calls.
He that's false in word or doing
Soul and body brings to ruin;
  Lying's still a losing trade;
Do the truth and fear no evil:
Speak the truth and shame the devil:
  Courage, brothers!—who's afraid?

Courage, brother! there is nothing
  Brave and true men should affright;
Life's a warfare high and holy
For the lofty and the lowly;
  God and angels watch the fight;
In the roar, and rush, and rattle,
In the sweat and blood of battle,
  Fight as men for fight arrayed.
Whether vanquished or victorious.
Good men's lives and deaths are glorious;
  Courage, brothers!—who's afraid?

MR. CRADLIFF'S BURGLAR.

At eleven o'clock one summer night, Mrs. Cradliff nudged her sleeping consort and as he turned on his pillow, whispered softly, "Are you awake, Moses?" Mr Moses Cradliff having acknowledged that he was wide awake, she continued:

"Did ye lock up the granary?"

"No," he replied. "I suppose Cyrus did; he always 'tends to that."

"But he went off so early I don't believe he thought a word about it. I'll get up and see if he has left the key on the sink shelf."

She groped her way to the kitchen in the dark and passed her hand over the shelf, but found no key. As it was left in the granary lock during the day, and returned to the shelf after the door had been duly fastened at night, she felt sure that their customary duty had been neglected.

"Then I suppose I must get up and go and 'tend to it," grumbled Moses Cradliff. "How could he be so careless?" But she reminded him that Cyrus had gone to watch at the bedside of a sick friend, and that it was unjust to blame him under the circumstances.

As a good many mysterious thefts and burglaries had of late been committed in the neighborhood, and as the barn was an old one which could be easily entered, the locking of the granary, which served as a store room for produce and other portable property, was considered important. So Mr. Moses Cradliff got up, poked his bare feet into a pair of old shoes, and proceeded half-dressed, to the barn.

It was a starlit night, and approaching the barn-door, he was surprised to find it open about far enough to admit a man. As he was sure that it had been closed in the evening, a curdling thrill of suspicion and alarm crept through his flesh, and made him wish he had some weapon in his hand. He thought of the wooden bar which served as a fastening to the door, but just as he was reaching to get possession of it, he heard a noise in the direction of the granary.

He thereupon dropped down upon his hands and knees, and putting in his head, so low that it would not be revealed against the starlight to the burglar,—he listened intently. For a moment all was still; then came the creaking of a door-hinge. He knew the sound. It was that made by the granary door, as it swung slowly together of its own accord, after it had been opened.

Mr. Moses Cradliff was possessed of a fair amount of courage; and though he naturally shrank from an encounter with a man who might have deadly weapons, he determined to risk an attempt to capture him, or at least to protect his property.

He crawled into the barn, and reaching up, found little difficulty in arming himself with the bar. He then glided almost noiselessly, in the dark, towards the granary, ready at any moment to thwack the burglar should he attempt to rush past him.

He met with no adventure until he put out his hand and felt the door, which was open a few inches. Then he heard a man breathe not more than half a yard away. The man was in the granary, standing close beside the bins; Mr. Cradliff was outside, with his hand on the door; each aware of the other, and both alike frightened, but resolved to gain what advantage was possible in the encounter that seemed unavoidable.

With one hand Cradliff grasped his club, while he slipped the other along the edge of the door until he felt the key, which had been left in the lock. He had conceived an idea, which he proceeded instantly to carry out. He shut the door and threw himself against it, while he fastened the man in!

Still holding the club in one trembling hand, and carrying away the key in the other, he shut the barn door after him and ran to the house, where he breathlessly told Mrs. Cradliff what had happened, and charged her to keep perfectly quiet while he hastened to the neighbors for assistance. The granary had a stout door and but one small window, too narrow for a man to get in at or out; and he did not much doubt that his prisoner would be kept safely until his return.

In a few minutes he stood panting at the door of the house where Cyrus had gone to watch with his sick friend. Having knocked and got no response, he entered immediately, and made his way to the sick room, where he found a light burning, and a pale face staring out anxiously at him from the bedclothes.

"Hope I don't disturb you!" he exclaimed. "I've trapped a burglar! Where's Cyrus?"

"Cyrus!" said the pale young man. "Why, he went home about half an hour ago. Said something about having forgotten to lock up the granary. He was going to do that, and then come back. Haven't you seen him?"

The elder Cradliff stood bewildered and speechless for a moment, then exclaimed, giving his thigh a loud slap with the flat of his hand.

"I'll bet a cent I've locked up Cy!"

If any person had been present, rash enough to accept Mr. Cradliff's not very heavy wager, that person would certainly have lost. While the father had taken his son for a robber, the son had entertained an equally absurd suspicion of his father; whom he was waiting in the granary with an uplifted peck measure, ready to bring it down upon his head, when the door was slammed, and he found himself locked in.

It was some seconds before, in his excited state of mind, he was able to reason out the actual fact of the situation. By the time he came to the conclusion that it was his father who had shut him up, his father had gone. Immediately his strained nerves began to relax, and he seemed melting into a cold perspiration, while a ghastly sense of the humor of the thing succeeded his terrified but heroic resolution.

"No use of calling now," he said to himself. "I ought to have done it before." The little window was nailed fast, and could not be opened. "Never mind; he'll get help, and a rope, and a lantern, and come by-and-by take me out. I can wait; but—plague on it!" he exclaimed, remembering he was a night-watcher, "it's pretty near time for Tom to be taking his medicine; and what will he think?"

He settled himself to wait as patiently as possible for his release, and was sitting comfortably on a bag of meal in his dungeon, into which only a feeble gleam of the starlit sky entered through the narrow window, when he became aware of somebody stepping in the barn.

He heard a sound like the scratching of a match; and peeping through the key-hole, saw a faint glimmer of light. All at once it became a flash, and he had a near glimpse of a big brown hand holding something like a key, and a coarse gray sleeve close to the granary door. Nothing more was visible through the small aperature, and even that glimpse was lost as the key was inserted in the door. But Cyrus had seen enough to know that the comer was not his father.

It was, in fact, the real barn-breaker this time; advancing to his work without the slightest suspicion that a member of the family he was going to rob was locked up in the granary. Having fitted his key and extinguished his match, he opened the door and entered, passing directly before Cyrus, who was making himself exceedingly small against the bins, with his peck measure—not a very deadly weapon—again uplifted.

The man seemed to know where the wheat-bin was, and he was moving straight toward it in the dark, when, as his head passed before the little window, the peck measure descended upon it, and he was hurled forward, against the bin; while with the agility of fright Cyrus rushed out, slammed the door, and locked the burglar in with his own key, which he secured and carried away.

Mrs. Cradliff had risen and dressed herself, and was awaiting anxiously her husband's return in her little kitchen, with the curtains closely drawn, and with a lantern lighted ready for his use, when she was surprised to see Cyrus burst in, and still more amazed to hear his story.

"We shall want more help," he said, taking up the lantern. "I'll run over through the woods and get Joe Ferris. Tell father to wait till I come back."

By a short cut across the farm, the Ferrises were their nearest neighbors; and Joe was just the fellow, Cyrus thought to assist in the capture of the burglar, he was one of those easy-natured, unsteady, adventurous individuals known to almost every country neighborhood, who work well when they are absolutely obliged to, but spend the most of their time going a-fishing, or lounging about the mill and tavern.

Cyrus, lantern in hand, was soon knocking at Joe's door, and calling him loudly by name. It was some time before he got any response, but at last a head was put out of an upper window.

"That you, Joe?" cried Cyrus, holding his lantern so that it would cast an upward gleam.

"No; what's wanting of Joe?" said a trembling female voice.

Cyrus did his errand briefly; he had caught a robber, and wanted Joe to help take him out of the granary.

"I'm awful sorry said the woman. "Joe, he ain't well. He ketched cold going a-fishing Saturday, and he's down with a fever. 'Twouldn't be safe for him to go out to-night, no ways in the world! Besides, two of the children is sick."

"Then I suppose I must go on and get the Dunfry boys," replied Cyrus. "It's too bad for I'm afraid the burglar will break out before I get around."

"It is—too bad!" said the trembling voice above.

The head was drawn in at the window; and as Cyrus and his lantern went on in the direction of the Dunfry house, poor Mrs. Ferris, regardless of her sick husband and ailing children, ran out of the back door muffled in a hood, and armed with a hatchet, and sped toward Mr. Cradliff's farm.

Meanwhile Mr. Cradliff had returned home; and so sure was he that it was his own son Cyrus whom he had shut into the granary, that he went straight to let him out, without stopping to inform Mrs. Cradliff of his blunder, or to get the lantern.

All was still as he entered the barn, and only the hollow roof responded as he called, "Cyrus! Cyrus! He stood outside the granary, and again called loudly through the closed door to his son, who did not reply, for sufficient reasons.

"Is it possible," murmured the father, "thet he has got out of that bit of a window? Or could it have been all my imagination, that there was somebody in the granary? Cyrus! boy?" he said, aloud, as he unlocked the door and stood confronting the darkness and mystery, "Are you here?"

He paused a moment in the silence that ensued, then moved cautiously forward. He touched somebody crouching in a corner of the bins, and recoiled with a start of fear.

"Cyrus is it you? Why didn't you—"

His voice was stopped by a blow, and as he staggered back, a large and powerful man bounded from the granary and escaped.

It took the farmer a second or two to recover from the buffet and the shock of surprise and terror it caused him. By the time he reached the door in pursuit, he found it shut and fastened, with him on one side and the burglar's fast-flying heels on the other.

A prisoner in his turn, he could do nothing in the shaken condition of his nerves, but lean against a bin, recover breath and composure of mind, and wait for what was to happen next, which proved to be something quite as strange as any event that had occurred that night,

Cyrus had by this time aroused the Dunfry boys, and Reub and enlisted them in his enterprise.

"I've already called for Joe," he said, as he returned with them in haste toward Ferris house. "But he's down with a fever and can't go."

"Down with a fever?" cried Bill Dunfry incredulously, "That can't be, for I saw him splitting wood by his back door at sundown, I'll find out about that!"

He ran forward and gave two or three thundering raps on the side of the house with a club he had caught up for use in the anticipated struggle with the robber.

"Joe" he shouted, repeating the raps as he returned with them in haste toward Ferris house. "But he's down with a fever and can't go."

"Come out! You're wanted!"

Again a head was thrust from the upper window. It was that of Joe himself. Seeing Cyrus and the Dunfry boys with a lantern, he said, with a yawn that was some what overdone—

"What's up now boys?"

"Cy has locked a thief in his granary," Bill replied, "and he wants help to go and take him out. What's the matter? Sick?"

"I ain't much sick when there's any such fun as that going on," Joe answered. "I'll be with ye in a minute, soon as I can pull my clothes on."

For the truth is, Joe's clothes were on already, all but his coat, which he had taken the precaution to pull off before showing himself at the window. He got his arms into that, and presently appeared at the door, buttoning buttons which he had that minute unbuttoned, in order to play well his part of a man just out of bed. He was somewhat too hilarious, perhaps, for the occasion, declaring that it would cure him of a fever turn any time to be invited to join in overcoming and binding a robber.

"In Cradliff's granary?" he asked, with pretended incredulity. "It don't look possible!" And Cyrus, on the way, had to relate his adventure, which he did to Joe Ferris' seemingly intense amusement.

They entered the barn with the light, and proceeded at once to unearth the burglar, Cyrus thinking it not worth while to wait for his father's assistance. The Dunfry boys had cudgels; Joe had his own good fists, Cyrus provided himself with a rope, which he held while he knocked on the granary, having placed his lantern on the barn floor.

"Will you come out peaceably and give yourself up?" he demanded.

No reply from within.

"There's nobody there!" said Reub.

"Oh, yes, there is!" Cyrus answered. "He couldn't get out without coming through the door, and you see that is fast."

He knocked again.

"Hello! Answer, will you?"

"There's no use playing 'possum. Let's have him out!" said Joe.

"Come ahead!" said Reub, clutching his club.

It was a moment of thrilling expectation when Cy turned the key in the lock and suddenly threw back the door. No burglar burst forth to encounter Joe's fists and the Dunfry boys' brandished clubs.

"Hold your lantern!" cried Reub, excitedly, while Joe Ferris grinned with his own secret thoughts.

Cy, who had taken a step backward as he opened the door, now advanced, holding his lantern above all their heads and throwing its full light into the granary. Then all advanced, the Dunfry boys gradually lowering their clubs and Joe's grin expanding, as the bins were searched, and the astonishing discovery was made that there was nothing to discover.

Cy was hugely chagrined, and the result was a puzzle even to Joe, who might have told something of the real burglar's escape, but could not guess how his substitute had got out.

The elder Cradliff had not been long in his dungeon when he heard a shuffling noise, as of some person groping in the barn, and presently a hoarse, half whisper, demanding—

"Whereabouts are you? Speak!"

These words, uttered in a strange voice, added greatly to the mystery, which, however, they promised to aid in clearing up; and not knowing just what reply to make, Moses Cradliff maintained a breathless, expectant silence.

"Joe, are you here?" the voice spoke again, evidently in great hurry and agitation, now quite near the granary door.

The mistery began, in fact to be suddenly illuminated to the hitherto much bewildered brain of Moses Cradliff. To induce the letting on of more light, he put his lips to the keyhole and gave a prolonged "Sh-h-h-h!"

"Oh, Joe!" exclaimed the voice outside; "Cy come to our house and told me he had locked up somebody—I know who! I've brought a hatchet to break the lock and let you out."

"Try the key!" whispered the prisoner. He conjectured rightly that the escaping thief had not stopped to possess himself of that. The new comer passed swift fingers over the rough boards, found it, and turned it in the lock. Then, as the door opened, he felt an eager hand—evidently a woman's—grasp his arm.

"Hurry!" she said, dragging him away. "Cy has gone for the Dunfry boys, and they be here at any minute."

"Don't be excited," said Moses Cradliff, laying hold of her arm in return, and speaking in his natural tones of voice, "Wait till I lock the door again. This is Mrs. Ferris, I believe?"

"Oh!" she screamed, struggling to escape. "I thought"—

"You thought I was Joe;" he finished the sentence which she abruptly broke off. "It has been a night of blunders, but some are beginning to be explained."

"Oh dear! dear! let me go!" she pleaded, overwhelmed with confusion

"I don't know what I'm here for—I must be crazy! Do let me go!"

"I shan't hinder you," replied the farmer. "Only I can't think of letting you go alone through the woods at this time of night; I'm too polite a man for that; and I guess I'd better get a lantern, and let my wife know. Keep your hatchet, Mrs. Ferris!"

He led her, reluctant and beseeching, to his own house, and into the kitchen where good Mrs. Cradliff was marvelously amazed at seeing such a visitor at such an hour.

With the guilty hatchet still in her hand, the wretched woman was protesting her own and her husband's innocence in one breath, and in the next pleading poverty as an excuse for their wrong doing, and begging to be let go; and Mr. Cradliff was pulling on his boots, preparatory, as he said, to "beauing her home," when voices at the barn attracted his attention, and looking out, he saw Cyrus coming with his companions, one of whom he recognized by the lantern light as Joe.

"Come in! come in, all of you!" he cried. "There are some things that need explaining."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Cyrus. "After you shut me up in the granary, the real thief came, and I shut him up. Where is he?"

"When I went to let you out," said the father, "he knocked me over and got away, shutting me up."

"It beats all the mixed-up messes I ever saw!" laughed merry Joe Ferris. "How did you get out?"

"That's the strangest part of it all," said Mr. Cradliff, ushering the men into the kitchen. "The robber's wife had somehow got word that he was locked in the granary, and she came to his rescue. But after that he had got away, and she kindly released me instead. Here she is, with her hat het!"

And in the shame-faced creature hiding in the corner Joe Ferris recognized his own devoted Jane. He had missed her on his way home, where he had just arrived and learned of her absence from their oldest girl, when he was called out by Cyrus and the Dunfry's boys. In going with them he had been fearful that they might fall in with her, and he was congratulating himself on escaping that peril, when here she was with her hatchet!

The tone of his forced and brazen laughter changed with surprising suddenness, and thrown off his guard, he made no attempt to deny his guilt. This was afterward abundantly confirmed by the discovery in his house of many purloined articles, which his neighbors recognized as some which they had lost during the past few months. The wife being let off for the sake of the children, the family disappeared from the town about the time Joe was set to work in the penitentiary, and the worthy Cradliff family had no more adventures with robbers.

Thrashing-Floors.

It was in the north of China that we first saw the thrashing-floor of the East and of the Bible. When we were traveling to some out-stations in Manchuria, the road bounded on both sides by endless fields of gigantic millet, there would come a farmer's house and farm-yard, of a small hamlet, and on the skirt of it, the trodden spot of ground hard and smooth as a stone. But it was not till some weeks later, as we were journeying slowly up to Pekin, and the harvest was now gathered, that we saw it in use. The grain was laid on the floor, and a pair of oxen were driven leisurely over the ears, treading out the corn.

Another form of thrashing was the stone roller, which was drawn over the ears by oxen or mules; and there was another still, where a flat board furnished with some projections, was drawn in the same way, the driver or children, sitting on the board to lend it additional weight. Sometimes the grain was piled up in a heap in the center of the floor, unsifted, and then men with the winnowing shovel (the Bible fan) would toss the grain into the air, or else into a flat basket, from which the man who held it flung up the corn, and the wind carrying the chaff away filled the air with dust.

One Bible phrase after another was recalled to us. It was easy to see how the Philistines could rob the thrashing floors at Keilah, those open spaces in the field on which the absence of any dread of rain induced the farmers to pile up their wealth of grain; or how the open floor, open to the sky and smooth, became the natural place to test the dew upon Gideon's fleece, while all the rest of the ground was dry; or how, when the two kings, Ahab, of Israel, and Jehoshaphat, of Judah, summoned the prophet, the place to set the royal thrones was on the smooth and empty thrashing floor just before the gate of Samaria; or how no better place than this could be found on which to build the altar that David raised when he had purchased the site of the temple from Araunah, the Jebusite, and found in the thrashing instruments—the wooden fans and boards and oxen poles—the wood for the sacrifice. It would be easy for the oxen to stop in the midst of the abundance they were treading out and eat; and the merciful Jewish law provided that there should be no muzzling of them; "thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn."

French Statistics.

There are in Paris 3,600,000 of human beings who work hard from morning to evening, and who do harm to no one. There are besides in this country 300,000 rascals who rob and murder, and who pass by the name of the army of crime. There are, furthermore, in France 300,000 politicians whose sole occupation is to excite class against class, and whose sole avowed aim is the destruction of every existing institution.

With regard to the 3,600,000 of Frenchmen, nobody pays any attention to them, but the other 600,000 are the object of the most careful solicitude on the part of the governing classes. If a professional malefactor commits a criminal act, every effort is made to save him from merited punishment, and if a professional agitator incites his fellow-citizens to pillage and worse, he is a privileged being.

An English Train.

The first impression which an American who is experienced in railroad traveling in his own country derives from the exterior aspect of an English train is unfavorable. The cars, as he must necessarily call them, seem to be small; they lack, apparently, the weight and solidity of the American passenger coach; the compartments are narrow, the ceilings low, the ventilation apparently doubtful. They stand upon two, three or more pairs of gaunt high wheels, to the axles of which their springs are directly geared. He misses the little independent vehicle, the truck or bogie, with its four or six small, compact, solid-looking, wide-flanged wheels, which sustains each end of the American car—that rolling gear which looks so strong, so adapted to inequality of rail or curve, so resourceful against disaster and so complete in its equipment.

The cars are smaller—there is no doubt of it. They are narrower and they are shorter, and to the American eye they look even shorter than they really are, because they have no projecting platform at the ends, no overhanging roof or hood, but are buckled close up to each other, and their contact controlled by small metal buffers, the springs of which allow a play of from eighteen inches to two feet and a half between car and car. The Miller platform, the Janney coupler, the link and pin—of all the familiar devices of the United States there is not one to be seen. The brakes? None visible. Nor, for the matter of that, a brakeman. This influental and numerous person has no existence in England. There is not even a rudimentary type of him. That you do not find him is the first stern intimation you receive that in English railroading there are no autocrats.

The wheels are fitted with brakes, and the trained eye notes a rubber hose connection between the carriages, quite different in its application to that known at home, but which, nevertheless, betokens the air-brake. He takes account of the distinctions of class and reflects upon his country's veiled progress in that regard in the matter of parlor cars and limited express trains. Then he finds that there is no baggage master to waft the volatile Saratoga to its doom, as his own newspapers would express it. There is, perhaps, a luggage van or two, or there are in the carriages themselves luggage compartments, according to the way in which the train is made up, the length of journey it is to take, or the custom of the particular line under observation.

His final contemplation is perhaps devoted to the engine, and if he has ever given any of his attention to the American locomotive it fills him with a deep concern. He recalls the imposing splendor of the latter, its comfortable and lofty cab of oiled and polished wood, its gay brass bell, the soul-stirring whistle, the noble head-light, and the cow-destroying pilot, the great cinder consuming smoke-stack (unless it be a hard coal burner, in which case that feature shrinks to moderate proportions), the powerful drivers and compact cylinder, the eccentric connecting rods, and all its parts radiant with the glitter of polished steel or unburnished brass, or decked with appropriate vermilion or emerald green.

In all these matters the English locomotive compares with it much as a lawn-mower does with a New York fire engine. It is a humble, awkward, green or mono-chromatic machine. It has neither polish nor decoration about it. There is no cab. The engineer and fireman—that is to say, the engine driver and his stoker, as they are styled in England—perform their duties with only such shelter as is offered by a board screen in front of them, pierced by two round apertures filled with stout glass, technically known as "spectacles." The smoke-stack is short and thick; there is an unsightly green hump on the back of the boiler; the cylinders are under the front of the latter, instead of on each side before the drivers; the wheels are all large, and the body of the engine is perched high above them and looks top-heavy and dangerous.

The whole thing is rigid and stiff-looking, and to the observer who has to do with the external aspects of locomotives it is unprepossessing and unlovely. The practical American engineer whistles thoughtfully as he surveys it, and wonders to himself how long it would be before he would ditch his train if he had to run on a new Western railroad with such an engine. Where would he be on a sharp curve? or how would such a running-gear adapt itself to an unevenly-ballasted track?

Sunday Barbers Eighty Years Ago.

In 1804 the Selectmen, Salem, Mass., ordered that after a given date no barber's shop should be kept open on Sunday morning. There was no appeal from their mandate. The fatal last Sunday arrived; the customers of the esteemed Benjamin Blanchard, whose shop was at the upper part of Essex street, opposite the Endicott and Cabot mansions, came as usual to have their hair tied; it was the epoch of cues, and it was necessary to their aspect in church that their back hair should be artistically bound with ribbon and their heads nicely pomatumed, even though like Bonaparte, they shaved their own beards. This last Sunday it was observable that each gentleman in his turn, after being barbered, instead of hurrying off as usual, resumed his seat. As the second bell began to ring the last customer was done with, and the whole company rose from their chairs, filed out into Essex street, formed a line in front of Mr. Blanchard's shop, and gave three rousing cheers; then, like Burns' "Twa Dogs," "each took off his several way," some to Dr. Barnard's North Church, some to Dr. Hopkins', Dr. Bolles', or Dr. Prince's First Church.

There is no way of making a permanent success in this world without giving an honest equivalent for it.

The envious man sees no means of equaling the person above him, save by pulling him down.

The lazy boy fears that if he once begins to earn his own living he will always be expected to do it.

A Helping Hand.

"If you cannot keep up with this class you had better go into a lower one."

The country schoolmaster spoke harshly, and Robert Gates's heart sank lower than before, if that were possible. He was the biggest boy in the class now, and how could he bear the shame of going among the boys still smaller?

But there was no denying the fact that the master had had a great deal of trouble with him, and that it did seem as though he were hopelessly dull. Mr. Hardy delighted in figures. To be bright in figures, he thought, insured a boy for success through life. Every boy who came to him was tried by one test, and if he failed in that he had no opportunity of showing whether he was bright at anything else.

So Robert, whose talents did not lie in figures, was having just the hard tug at school which, if well endured, wise men tell us, gives the discipline which makes the best and noblest men. He had struggled through the mysteries of notation, numeration, addition, subtraction and multiplication, each of which had been a separate hill of difficulty to him. And now long division stood up before him like a dead, blank wall. There was no getting around it, no getting under it—he must climb to the top.

The boys were dismissed, leaving the school-house with a whoop and a rush—all but Robert, who, with his book and his slate, slowly walked away. A cheery-faced boy stopped and looked back at him, then ran to him saying:

"I'll give you a lift, Bob"—

"Come on, Jack Brand," shouted half a dozen voices.

"I can't come now," he replied.

"We're going to make up the base-ball club, and you'll lose your place. We're going to put you in for pitcher."

"You'd better go," said Robert. "I hate to have you miss the fun."

"Never mind," said Jack heartily. "I've plenty of time for fun yet. You see now—let's go out behind the old barn and cipher away at your examples for awhile."

They settled themselves on a grassy slope in the quiet of one of the rare days of early June, and Robert opened his book with a heavy sigh.

"It's a perfect tangle to me," he said with a rueful shake of the head, thinking of the days in which he had watched the slow placing and working of the examples on the blackboard. The why and wherefore of the curved lines had never dawned upon him, the guessing how many times it would "go" and then setting down a figure, and the long, straggling column of figures gyrating off to the right and finally ending in nothing, so far as he could see, was a fearful piling of mysteries. "Why," he went on, "I can't even remember which is divisor and which is divident when he questions me about the rules."

"Oh, that's easy enough if you think a moment," laughed Jack. "The divisor's a thing you do something with. This way now—mower, a thing you mow with; reaper, a thing you reap with; a divisor, a thing you divide with—don't you see?"

"Why, yes, of course I do, now you give me something to remember by."

Then they bent themselves resolutely to conquer the difficulties of the process between them, and it is fortunate that Jack was blessed with the gift of patience, for days past before Robert could see anything except a huge and frightful puzzle. The shouts of the boys at play came to them from a distance, but no sound more disturbing than the soft whisper of the summer wind or the pert inquiring "kechee? kechee?" of robin or wren disturbed the droning murmur with which Jack untiringly went through the lesson over and over again, little dreaming that he was securing for himself a valuable exercise in patience and self-denial.

"I see it," at last exclaimed Robert, springing up with a shout of triumph. "I never expected to see daylight though such a muddle, but I do. Now, let's be off and have a glorious play. But," he added very earnestly, "I can never pay you up in the world."

"Never mind that," said Jack. "But," he added, "maybe you can some time."

And his words came true years later. When the boys went to prepare for college under the mild teachings of the village pastor—a strange contrast to the old schoolmaster—Latin and Greek came to him almost as a pastime. He revelled in the line of study now opening before him with all the delight which comes of finding something in the world of learning exactly to his taste.

Jack's trouble began where Robert's ended, for his mind was of a different order, and now Robert was able richly to repay all his kindness.

"But, I've got enough of languages now," said Jack, after two or three years of blundering among moods, tenses and roots. "I'm worse at classics than ever you were at figures, and a man can be a man without Latin and Greek, although he can't very well without arithmetic. So go your way, old fellow—heap up the learning and come out a grand scholar. I'm going to dive down into one of those grimy, noisy, whizzing, buzzing machine-shops. But we can help each other just the same."

In years after when Robert became the pastor of a large, struggling, working church, Jack a successful engineer, was his right hand in every cause for good. And the two often laughed as they recalled the days spent behind the barn.

Help each other, boys. Hold out strong, willing hands to the weak and stumbling, and with cheery heart and voice encourage them. Keep them side by side of you in the battle of life, and then rejoicingly mark how their successes will shed a light on all your pathway, which will shine more and more unto the perfect day.

Dr. Johnson defined genius as a mind of large general powers determined to some particular direction.

A nacco sow should never be kept penned up, but should have free access to the ground and grass.

Learn to say no. It is not necessary to snap it out dog-fashion, but say it, firmly and respectfully.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., SEPT. 2, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

5:30 A. M. 9:00 P. M.

GARMANS!

OUR STORE IS OPEN TO MEET ALL TRAINS FROM 5:30 A. M. TO 9:00 P. M.

OUR PRICES ARE

Positively the Lowest

CONSISTENT WITH

Strictly First-Class Goods.

FANS AND PARASOLS

—AT A GREAT REDUCTION.—

Summer Underwear

IN ALL SIZES.

☞Don't Fail to Give Us a Call When in Town.

D. GARMAN & SON.

Bush Arcade, - - Bellefonte.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Mornings and nights are cool.

——Every body drinks soda at Murray's.

——Mr. B. O. Deininger, of Millheim, was in town last week.

——Mr. Al. Kerlin, of Tyrone, is visiting friends in Centre Hall.

——We notice that some of our farmers have commenced topping corn.

——The marble counters are quite an improvement in Murray's drug store.

——Mr. J. O. Deininger has the cellar dug for a new dwelling near the station.

——The valuable farm of Barnet Wagner is advertised for sale in the "Reporter."

——Mr. Samuel Shoop moved into his new dwelling house at the lower end of town.

——There will be lots of "coons" in the woods about Coburn for the next two weeks.

——The cornice and other zinc fixtures for the Lutheran church arrived on Tuesday.

——John Keifer killed a rattle snake on Bush Island, Clinton county, which had 22 rattles.

——The new Lutheran church going up here is pronounced by visitors as one of the finest in the county.

——Rev. Fischer and family returned home last Thursday from Somerset Co., where they spent several weeks visiting friends.

——Moyer Keller very suddenly left Centre Hall for parts unknown, much to the disappointment of some of our business men.

——Centre Hall can send one representative to the colored campmeeting to be held at Coburn—the only full-blood in the valley.

——Emanuel Holloway, of Akron, O., and his brother Dr. Luther Holloway, of Salona, are visiting in their native town of Aaronsburg.

——Rain on last Saturday prevented many from attending the band festival at Spring Mills. Have not heard how much was cleared.

——The moulding room of the old foundry is being torn down and cleared away. A new implement store is to be built in its place.

——Aaronsburg is waking up on the subject of its Centennial in 1886, and we are told arrangements will be had for a good time and large gathering.

——Another house is to go up near the station, this fall. Mr. Howard Homan, of Aaronsburg, who has purchased lots here, and is getting ready to build.

——A number of young men from the eastern part of the state were on the train on Tuesday on their way to the State college which opens this week.

——During the last few days the Centre Hall base ball club received several challenges, and no doubt will accept some. Boys, preserve your reputation.

——Divine services will be held in the Presbyterian church at Centre Hill, next Sunday morning, 12, at 10:30 o'clock, by Rev. N. H. Miller, of Osceola Mills, Pa.

——Farmers down the valley are about done seeding. In this section there is still some plowing to do for seeding—rains have delayed our farmers up this way.

——Rev. Halleck, the boy preacher, has accepted the unanimus call to Mill Hall and Beech Creek Presbyterian churches, with the promise of a large salary.

——Mr. Geo. A. Harter, grocer, of Millheim, after a short trip through the west, has returned, and assists in the management of the Bee-hive grocery at Millheim.

——Our neighbor across the way, Jacob Harpster, goes sort of crippled-up-like, for the last two weeks. Too much horse-shoeing and fishing is what may be sticking in his bones.

☞——The committee appointed to select grounds for the meeting of the Centre County Veteran Club pic-nic on Sept. 12, have secured the Fair grounds near Bellefonte. D. F. Fortney, of Bellefonte, will deliver the address of welcome.

——There will be a colored campmeeting at Coburn, commencing on Friday, 11, and continuing until Sept. 21, to which all are invited. An effort is being made to run excursion trains on both Sundays, and to stop for passengers at all stations.

——CENTRE HALL VS. AARONSBURG.—About noon of last Monday a wagon containing Captain Foster with his Aaronsburg base ball club, Mr. T. Keister, umpire, and a scoreman, drove in front of our hotel. A short time after they refreshed themselves by partaking of an excellent dinner at the hands of our home club. At about one o'clock the Aaronsburg and Centre Hall base ballists together with a number of citizens of both sexes proceeded to the battle field, a shot distance below town, where the generalship of base ball was to be displayed. Aaronsburg took the bat, but the first inning failed to score. Centre Hall then followed with 17 runs. On the second and third innings they were retired in order. During the fourth inning Aaronsburg succeeded in scoring one run, when they took courage and only gave Centre Hall one run. Through an error in the fifth inning Aaronsburg scored two more runs, and the home team but one. In the sixth inning Foster's men were again retired in order, and in the seventh inning made but one base hit. The sixth inning scored our boys 15 more runs. The seventh inning closed the game according to agreement, the scoremen compared their work and found them to correspond, and was read thus:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Centre Hall...	17	9	9	1	1	15	X	—52
Aaronsburg....	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	—3

Our home club was in good spirits and made some fine plays. The battery consisted of Chas. Kurtz, pitcher, and Ike Harpster, catcher, and proved very effective, striking out ten men. The entire game went off quietly, and without once disputing the umpire whose decisions were entirely satisfactory. The opposition were gentlemanly during their stay and left our town with good feelings toward all which was reciprocated by our boys and citizens generally.

——Phosphate! ye gods, did you ever smell anything like it? it is sweet. Passengers on the train say they can tell when they are approaching our station from the horrible scent it gives forth. It is certainly a fine thing to keep about a depot where passengers must wait several hours on late trains, a very common thing with us. It is a wonder some of our delicate females have not been suffocated by the foul odor. Touch not, taste not, handle not: for it stinketh like a dead chicken, and smelleth worse than a skunk.

——The Lewistown *Free Press* says some villainous rascal attempted to burn the new Independent Church at Milroy, which is nearly completed, on Saturday night, 29 ult. The fire was started in the south corner of the north room, but after burning a small hole in the floor went out. The intention evidently was to lay the fine edifice in ashes, but providence ordered otherwise. A reward of $100 will be paid for any information which will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who committed the deed.

——Rev. Whitmer, pastor of the Reformed congregation at Mifflinburg, spent the last few days at Centre Hall, and on Tuesday accompanied by Aaron Harter started in search of the Bear Meadows, which are famous for their wonder growth of vegetation. They succeeded in finding their way to the edge of the meadow and then drove from it, not knowing they were so near the objective point. They succeeded, however, in finding the large huckleberry stocks and lots of swampy grounds.

——Bellefonte's new Republican paper by Cassidy & Fiedler will make its appearance in a few days. Then there'll be some Fiddling and a dance. The paper is to be daily and weekly. Times must be improing wonderfully under Democratic rule when Bellefonte can have an additional Republican daily and weekly, and the old one get a new press. Let there be no more grumbling—and have the dance begin.

——An effort is being made by the ladies of the Lutheran congregation of this place to raise money to purchase a bell for their new church. Thus far everything that has been purchased or done at the building is deserving of credit and ladies will do the same in their undertaking and purchase a bell whose peals can be heard throughout the valley.

——Mr. Ike Harpster, of this place, although he had his nose broken while catching behind the bat in a game of base ball at Boalsburg, on 28 ult., occupied the same position and did some fine work in a game with Aaronsburg, Monday. He assisted in putting out ten men on strikes in seven innings and caught several difficult flies.

——With the death of Henry Walburn Miles twp. is left without a pauper. And the citizens will have no poor tax to pay. Happy township where all have enough and a little left for friends outside who call to see them. We do not think there is another township, or borough, in the county that can say it has no pauper.

——Jerry Miller, our efficient tonsorial artist, is bound to keep up with the times and improved his department by putting in a fine case with large mirrors covering the one side of his room and also purchased another chair to accomodate his increasing trade.

——On Monday last Will Conley, of this place, started with engineer White's horse and buggy to drive to Philadelphia which place he expects to reach by the end of this week. He will remain in the the city for a few weeks, and then visit other points on his way home.

——Some days the 10 a. m. train lies over almost an hour at Centre Hall, on account of the freight handled at this point. If a regular passenger train were put on our road better time could be made and better accommodations had for the public.

——Again we have a sudden death to chronicle. Mrs. Hess, widow of John Hess, of Haines twp., died suddenly on last Friday. We are told she was found dead in the garden.

MILLHEIM.

Butcher Miller had quite a time with a cross beef on Monday.

Miss Emma Eisenhuth has returned from her Sunbury visit.

The man that fixed up the town clock didn't like the puff in the "Reporter."

E. F. Wetzel's house, on North 2d St. caught fire on Monday forenoon, which almost ended in the destruction of the entire house.

S. D. Musser and John Kreamer had the roofs of their houses painted with fire proof paint, last week.

The town clock is now in perfect running order.

Our hunters are badly beat this year, they come home as good as they left.

SHUTTLECOVEL.

R. R. OFFICIALS ON A JAUNT.

Fencing the Road—Did Cassidy's Injunction Lead to it.

The officials of the Pennsylvania R. R. went over the L. & T. on Tuesday, to view the line and determine the management of same. The following is a list of the high officials: George B. Roberts, Pres't P. R. R.; Charles E. Pugh, General Manager P. R. R.; R. M. Pettit, General Sup't P. R. R.; R. Neilson, Gen't Sup't P. & E.; S. S. Blair, Div. Sup't P. R. R.; E. B. Westfall, Div. Sup't P. & E.; Colonel Mackey, Pres't B. E. V. R. R.; Paul J. White, C. E; Ed. Blanchard, and others.

The distinguished party held up at Centre Hall long enough to view the mill and other recent improvements at this station. The jaunt of President Roberts and his staff was brought to a sadden halt as their train got on the Woods farm, this side of Spring Mills, by an actual fence across the track. President Roberts and his lieutenants at first thought it was Cassidy's injunction in actual play, but when it occurred to the party that the injunction was postponed on Tuesday for three weeks on Cassidy's motion, they concluded that it must be a writ from some other quarter and sniffled mischief afresh in the air. But it was only a fence, and a move was made to have it *post ponied* too, and it was set aside indefinitely. This was special fencing on the nose of President Robert's special train. We regret that this obstacle should have been placed in the path of these high officials, it will lessen their estimation of the loyalty of the people of Centre county, following as it did upon the heels of the Bellefonte meeting.

But we can ansure President Robets no indignity was intended, as Mr. Woods only wanted to pasture his cows between trains, and had no notice of specials. A railroad President with an engine before him under full head of steam, can do almost anything—at least you can't fence him in—that question President Roberts has settled.

President Roberts and his party proceeded to Altoona, where a conference was held on Tuesday evening and the management determined upon and a schedule for running our trains fixed upon, which two latter items we are requested not to make public this week, but we can assure our readers it will be satisfactory.

A SCHEDULE TO SUIT.

A schedule like this would suit our people: Start the train from Lewisburg ½ hours earlier, say at 6 a. m.—it would then reach Bellefonte at 9 a. m. Return from Bellefonte at 6 p. m. and reach Montandon in ample time to make eastern connection. This would give all along the line a chance to go and come from Bellefonte same day. Then put a car on freights to accommodate local travel from Bellefonte over and back. It would put night passengers from Phild. to Bellefonte at 9a. m., and evening passengers to the city next morning, and same for the valley stations.

Rev. M. L. Deitzel, of the Evangelical Lutheran pastorate of Aaronsburg, will preach in the Evangelical Association church at Coburn, Sunday, September 13, at 2:30 p. m.

Permanent arrangements have been effected at Coburn by which the ordinances of God's house as conducted by the Evangelical Lutheran church and the means of grace administered therein may be more convenient than heretofore to those who reside at and at convenient distances from Coburn. All are invited to attend. X.

Getting married after the first of next month will require some careful deliberation to answer the searching questions under oath, as required by the new law. The questions to be answered are as follows:

1 Full name of man. 2 Full name of woman. 3 Relationship of the parties, either by blood or marriage. 4 Age of man. 5 Age of woman. 6 Residence of the man. 7 Residence of the woman. 8 Parents' name—man. 9 Parents' name—woman. 10 Guardian's name—man. 11 Guardian's name—woman. 12 Consent of parents or guardian. 13 Date of death of man's former wife, if any. 13 Date of death of woman's former husband, if any. 15. Date of divorce of man at any time. 16 Date of divorce of woman at any time. 17 Color of parties. 18 Occupation of man. 19 Occupation of woman.

Some of the interrogatories will be embarrassing in special cases, but the law is inexorable and must be answered. The clerk of the court will be liable to fine if he fails to enforce the law to the letter and parties answering falsely will be subject to the penalty of perjury.

Sateen in fall shades—Garmans.

Sateen calicoes—Garmans.

How young old people look who have never been sick, and who never worry and fret. How old young people look who fret and stew and suffer pain—all at once. But we can't altogether help our disposition, and we will sometimes get out of sorts in spite of all cantion. Then we need the best, the simplest and safest medicine known, which is Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Purifies the blood and renews vitality in old and young. sep

——If matrimonial lightning don't quit striking the Bellefonte exchange there won't be much left of it in six months.

The cheapest cotton flannels you ever heard of—Garmans.

A paper on "Our Public Land Policy" in the forthcoming (October) Harper's will give a brief, compact statement of the present state of the public lands, with especially reference to the mooted questions of Indian reservations, railroad grants and the Oklahoma boomers.

The confusion about "Mexican Politics" in the minds of her next door neighbors will perhaps receive some relief from an article in the forthcoming Harper's Magazine on this subject, with portraits of some of the present political leaders of Mexico.

Mr. Abbey will contribute the frontispiece to the October Harper's, together with further illustrations of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer."

All the new shades in silk floss—Garmans.

A smooth complexion can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Tonic. For promtly regulating the liver and kidneys and purifying the blood, there is nothing like it, and this is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheeks. sep

AT WILLIAMS' GROVE.

Grangers Flocking From All the Surrounding States.

Williams' Grove, Sept. 1.—The twelfth annual pic-nic of the Grangers will be remembered for many things if the first two days indicate anything. Tuesday of this year brought far more people to the temporary home of the Grangers than did the same day last year. Like brooklets rushing to swell a great river came the crowd yesterday. Farmers with their wives and families came streaming in; sight-seers and men on business tramped through the dust, and when the last incoming train had brought its human freight Williams' Grove looked like a village populated beyond its capacity. Those who remain here during the night are stabled like horses, and they are content with a bed of straw. Representatives from eighty organizations in Pennsylvania are here and they represent forty counties. There are representatives from eight organizations in New York, three in Delaware, five in Maryland, five in W. Virginia, four in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky and Kansas. It is estimated that there are eighteen hundred of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry in the grove. Hon. J. N. Lipscombe, Secretary of State, of South Carolina, and Master of the Grange of that State, was present to-day.

The cardinal features of the exhibit is the machinery which represent about $1,000,000. The most magnificent and costly thing on exhibitions a gold plow, which is displayed by the Oliver Chill Plow Company, of Indiana. It is valued at $3,000, and is taken to Harrisburg every evening for safe keeking. Among the vegetables on exhibition is a mammoth tomato weighing three pounds and two ounces.

THE EXERCISES.

To-day's exercises consisted of a trial of traction engines at 10 a. m., and of steam and other plows at 11 o'clock. In the afternoon a general meeting was held in the grand pavillion. Hon. Leonard Rhone, Worth Master of the State Grange of Penn'a, delivered the address of welcome.

Prof. S. B. Heiges, Principal of the Cumberland Valley State Normal School, also delivered an address.

To morrow at 9 a. m. there will be another trial of traction engines and other machinery followed by a meeting in the grand pavillion, to be addressed by Dr. Thomas K. Beecher and William A. Armstrong, Esq., Worthy Master of the State Grange of New York, and editor of the "Husbandman."

At 1:30 p. m. John Norris, Esq., editor of the "Record," will discuss the question of unjust discrimination by our railroad companies. Mr. Norris will be followed by Hon. V. E. Piollett and Gerard C. Brown.

At 7:30 the people will be entertained by literary and musical exercises of a high character, after which Rev. Dr. S. D. C. Jackson, of Cambridge College, England, will deliver an instructive address.

END OF THE GRANGER PIC-NIC.

Williams' Grove, Sept. 5.—The pic-nic of the Grangers ended to-day, when the disposition of machinery was made. It is estimated that machinery to the amount of $300,000 was sold. Col. Thomas will make about $2,000 out of the venture. There were eleven restaurants, every one of which brought $100 to the Colonel's purse.

DRUGGIST AM ENDE COMMITTED.

Jersey City, Sept. 5.—Dr. Charles G. Am Ende, the Hoboken druggist, whose terrible blunder in compounding morphine for quinine resulted in the death of Ella and Gretchen Holtz, was arrested this morning at his residence, on complaint of Charles F. Holtz, the father of the deceased young ladies. Am Ende was in bed when the arrest was made. He was formally committed. Judge McGill fixed bail at $2,500.

THE CONDITION OF THE HOBOKEN DRUGGIST.

Hoboken, N. J., Sept. 3.—There is no change in the condition of Mr. G. C. Am Ende, the druggist whose mistake caused the death of Gretchen Margaret and Ella Holtz, and who attempted suicide by swallowing atropia. He is believed, however, to be out of danger. He has not yet been informed of the death of the second victim, Miss Ella.

The father of the two ladies is a millionaire. The druggist gave them poison in a mistake, which the ladies took and died from the effects. Upon hearing of the mistake he made and the effects, he tried to end his own life by taking poison.

SILLY SULLIVAN.

The Drunken Champion Thrown from a Buggy and Knocked Senseless.

Boston, Sept. 6.—John L. Sullivan has been "drunk as a fiddler" since he returned to the city. Saturday afternoon the champion secured a horse and buggy, and taking his sister's son with him, raced recklessly about the streets. About 5 o'clock at the boy's urgent request, he returned him to his home, and started down Lenox street at a lightning pace. Turning to the corner sharply at Camden street, the vehicle overturned, and the intoxicated prize-fighter was flung into the street with a force that would have killed an ordinary and sober man.

The champion of the world lay on the pavement, motionless, and only partially conscious, with blood trinkling from a cut on the head. One man took him by the shoulders and another by the legs, intending to carry him to the stable.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Thos. Weaver, in Tylersville, by Rev. N. J. Miller, Adam N. Laney, of Logan Mills, and Miss Minnie M. Fidler, of Logansville.

At the Luth. parsonage, at Aaronsburg, by Rev. M. L. Deitzler, Aug. 23, Wm. J. Minnick and Miss Kate E. Winkleblech, both of Aaronsburg.

On Aug. 25, at the residence of the bride's parents, at Lightstreet, Columbia county, Pa., by Rev. H. W. Buck, E. W. Manck, of Millheim, to Miss Winnie Reighard.

On Aug. 20, at the home of the bride's parents by Rev. S. M. Mountz, James W. Kerstetter to Miss Annie M. Alexander, daughter of C. Alexander, all of near Millheim.

DIED.

On Aug. 25, near Millheim, Mr. Christian Behm, aged 74 years, 3 months, 7 days. He was buried in the Luth. cemetery, Aaronsburg.

——Our stock of fall and winter woolens is now in, and on all orders for the next 30 days, we will allow a discount of 10 per cent. GOLDSMITH BROS.,
Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte, Pa.

AMERICAN POTTERY.

The great want in this country has been a potter who for the love of the art, would investigate the characters and capabilities of American clays. The example of Wedgwood should have been followed long ago here. He experimented in clays and stones, discovered one and another new paste, and thus revolutionized ceramic art in Europe by the simple discovery of what English materials would produce. That American clays are of the highest ceramic value has now been amply proved by the remarkable work of Mr. L. F. Haynes, a potter in Baltimore. For some years past he has been making practical experiments with home materials, and has been richly rewarded for his large expense and intelligent perseverance. A variety of pastes, made from American clays, which he has discovered, present features of value above any European pastes. These features vary. Some are specially strong, some united strength with lightness, some take color through the whole body with the uniformity and purity of Wedgwood's Jasper wares, and some are so compact and fine that they polish on the turning lathe. Uniformity of shrinkage of pastes of different composition enables Mr. Haynes to combine different colors, laying reliefs of one on surfaces of another tint. A full account of the very important discoveries thus made and shown in a great variety of ware now in the market would fill a book. The wonderful beauty of many of the pastes, without addition of any coloring material, is a surprising feature of the Baltimore wares. There is a deep red, which is, to say the least, fully equal to the old Chinese red stone ware, or to the richest Bottcher. The browns, grays, pearl and fawn-colored wares are all pure, uniform, and therefore strikingly beautiful, in an extensive range of shades. The glazes and enamels which are used are as excellent as the pastes, and of course vary to meet all fancies. Relief ornamentations are used with skill and judgment. It is evident that Mr. Haynes employs artists as able as those of Wedgwood. This is not an exaggeration. Medallions in a soft white Parian paste, on grounds of one or another color, are works of sculpture which challenge criticism. The geometric ornamentations on some of these Baltimore pitchers, mugs, lamps and other objects, while in one sense the simplest forms of decoration, nevertheless demand the highest artistic taste in their use. We have seen on a mantel in Hartford a pottery clock, made in Baltimore, which is a very charming piece of work in form, decoration and color.

PAINTING BLACK BOARDS.

There are two or three ways of preparing these boards, the finishing coat being the principal. The object to be obtained is a surface on which the chalk will make a clear and distinct mark, which will afterwards wash off and leave the board quite clear. If the board is a new one, it will require to be painted with, at the least, four coats of oil color, and finished with one or two coats of varnish color; in mixing which only sufficient varnish (copal or best carriage) should be used as will bind the color fast, without its being absorbent or fuzzy. The black should be ground in turps (drop black), then the varnish added, and should dry dead (or nearly so). This is an absolute necessity, as the chalk will not mark freely on gloss color. Another plan, which is a very good one, is to paint the board with (if new) three coats of oil color, then with two coats of varnish color—this having as much varnish added to it as will produce what is known as "egg-shell gloss." This should be allowed to become thoroughly hard, and then be cut down with felt and ground pumice. This is done simply to deaden the surface, and if after being rubbed down it is left again to harden, a capital surface will be produced for the work to be done.

COOPER AND THE TAVERN.

Fenimore Cooper had a story he was in the habit of telling of one of his early adventures. While he was in the navy he was traveling in the wilderness bordering upon Ontario. The party to which he belonged came upon an inn where they were not expected. The landlord was totally unprepared and met them with a sorrowful countenance. There was, he assured them, absolutely nothing in the house that was fit to eat. When asked what he had that was not fit to eat he could only say in reply that he could only furnish them with venison, pheasant, wild duck and some fresh fish. To the astonished question of what better he supposed they could wish the landlord meekly replied that he thought they might have wanted some salt pork.

THE SALT LAKE.

A bather can lie on the surface of the water of the great Salt Lake without exertion. Or, by passing a towel under his knees and holding the two ends, he can remain in any depth of water kneeling, with the head and shoulders out of the water; or, by shifting it under the soles of the feet, he can sit on the water. The one exertion, in fact, is to keep one's balance; none whatever is required to keep afloat.

Ask your grocer for ORIENTAL, full roller process flour.

GROCERIES. GROCERIES

First-Class Groceries

ALWAYS FRESH AND

—CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE—

IN THE VALLEY, AT

A. HARTER'S STAND,

MILLHEIM, PA.

STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE.

Also Dealer in

NO. 1 FULL ROLLER PROCESS FLOUR.

Also Keeps the Celebrated

....ORIENTAL ROLLER FLOUR....

sept2 tf

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the oldest established and largest NURSERIES in the U. S. Established 1846. Business easily learned. For terms address W. & T. SMITH,
Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.
9sept4t e ow]

FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, in Potter twp., ½ mile east of Centre Hill, on Wednesday, SEPT. 23, 1885, A FINE FARM, known as the Barnet Wagner farm, containing 300 ACRES, more or less, thereon erected a 1½ story log dwelling house, bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, and a tenant house. A never failing spring of water near the house and flinking creek flows through the farm. Good orchard with choice fruit on the place. About 100 acres are timberland with all kinds of timber. The arm is within one mile of the L. & T. Railroad. A bank of iron ore is on the farm, which has been opened and operated. Farm will be sold as a whole or in two or three parts as may suit parties interested. Sale at 1 p. m. when terms will be made known. MICHAEL STROHM,
JOHN WAGNER, Executors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of John G. Weaver, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. MAGDALEANA WEAVER, Adm'r.
29jul6t Farmers' Mills, Pa.

ESTRAY.—Came to the residence of the undersigned, about 1¾ miles west of Centre Hall, on or about Aug. 10, one red heifer, white face, with a red ring around each eye, and rising 3 years old; also about Aug. 25, a brindle bull, about the same age. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove same.
9sept4t PETER HOFFER.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans Court of Centre County, estate of Mary Dunkle, dec'd.—The undersigned an auditor appointed by said court to make distribution of the funds in the hands of accountant in said account, to and among those entitled to the same, will meet the parties interested at his office, Friday, Sept. 25, '85, at 10 a. m., when and where those who desire may attend. J. C. MEYER,
Auditor.

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra			23
" Western "		21	22
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	17	19
" " "	bbls		14
Western, ex brands "	crates		17
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	12½	13
" mixed "	"	11	12
" Western, straight	"		12
" " mixed	"	11	12
Chickens, Spring	"	11	13
Roosters	"	6	8
Ducks, spring	"	11	12
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb		7
" Fair to good	"	5	5¾
" Common stock	"	3	4
Sheep, prime	"		3¾
Lambs, extra	"		6
Live Cattle	"	5	6
Hogs, live	"	5¾	6
Pigs, live	"	4	5
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Cabbage	per basket	35	40
"	per 100	2 00	5 00
Apples, new	per bbl	$1 50	$2 00
Peaches, extra	peck crate	1 00	1 25
" fair	"	25	50
" fancy	per basket	90	1 25
New Potatoes, choice	per bbl	1 75	2 00
" fair	"		1 50
" culls	"		75
Sweet Potatoes	per basket	45	50
"	per bbl	2 00	2 50
" Jersey, extra	"	2 50	2 75
" Md	"	2 00	2 25
Watermelons, extra	per 100	10 00	12 00
" prime	"	6 00	8 00
HAY AND STRAW.			
Timothy, choice	per ton$	18 00	$20 00
" fair	"	16 00	17 00
Cut Hay	"	22 50	23 00
Rye Straw	"	16 00	17 00
Wheat straw	"		10 00
Oat straw	"	9 00	10 00
SEEDS.			
Timothy	per bu	1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb	9½	10
Flax	per bu		1 90
CHEESE.			
N Y. Factory, choice			8½
Ohio, fat, fine			8
DRIED FRUIT.			
Pitted Cherries	per lb	10	11
Raspberries	"	17	19
Blackberries	"	8¾	8½
WOOL.			
Tub Washed	per lb	28	30
Unwashed	"	18	20
FEATHERS.			
Choice Geese	per lb	48	52
Prime "	"	40	46
Chicken "	"	4	6
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	8½	9
" " Cow	"		9
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	7¾	8
Tallow, Solid	"		5¾
" Cake	"		5¾
Honey in Comb	"	10	11
Country Soap	"	4½	5

☞Price Current subject to Market Fluctuations

Philadelphia, Sept. 7, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

	Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	44½	—49½
Wheat "	77½	—86¼
Oats "	29½	—34
Pork "	8 80	
Lard "	6 27½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
23 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET

Wheat—Red	85
White & Mixed	80
Rye	56
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	40
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	2 00
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter 1 tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; egg per dozen, 12 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.